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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THOUGH the United States Attorney-General has declared that Great Britain is not yet a defaulter, it now seems improbable that America will accept further token payments. A White House conference has decided that the passing of the Johnson Act has made no difference to America's position; last June's token payment is to be no precedent for next June's situation. The President is credited with having a scheme for the final settlement of all War Debts on a new principle, based on scaling them down to the level of the payments exacted from Italy under the existing settlement. Roughly this would mean that, whereas on the old 4½ per cent. basis of calculation, we were due to repay four-fifths of the estimated total debt incurred, including accrued interest, we should in fact be called upon to pay only a little more than one quarter. It now seems unlikely that Great Britain will have to decide on her willingness to pledge herself to payments on such a basis for more than a generation. The attitude of Congress has hardened with our "return-to-prosperity" Budget, and the Chancellor must face the probability that Mr. Roosevelt, realising that Congress will accept no substantial scheme of revision, will avoid a conflict in his coming Message and bluntly state that no further token payments can be accepted. Great Britain will then have to weigh up the relative disadvantages of paying and accepting the "stigma" of default with its accompanying damage to Anglo-American friendship.

Last Hopes of Disarmament

Lord Ponsonby launched another attack on the Government in the House of Lords last Monday for their Laodicean policy towards the League and disarmament. Their defence, which is simply to display all their proposals, offers and declarations, is no defence at all. Lord Cecil put the case in a nutshell when he said that "whilst their language had sometimes been strong, their action had always been weak." On the Continent Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon and their colleagues are regarded with universal mistrust. At home few believe in their professed zeal for disarmament, and nobody can pretend they have made any effort to take that leading part which the position and prestige of Great Britain demanded. For the deadlock into which Europe has drifted, our slackness and blindness—to use no harsher terms—are largely responsible. And now, with the Disarmament Conference due to reassemble in a couple of weeks, the

Cabinet is a house divided against itself. One section is fumbling for some desperate remedies for a desperate situation, the other insisting that hopes of disarmament are as dead as a doornail—with the corollary that we, like everyone else, must get on with the business of rearmament. If this side prevails, it will be the nadir of British statesmanship.

Japan's Assurances

Nowhere has the Government's policy been more contemptible than in the Far East. And it promises to be as weak and as dangerous in the future as it has been in the past. Lord Ponsonby in the Lords debate pressed the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs for a plain answer to the question whether they were really satisfied with Japan's assurances that she remained loyal to the Nine Power Treaty. "Naturally," said Lord Stanhope, "we are satisfied with assurances given by a friendly nation." Naturally! What then is the British Government's attitude to Japan's flagrant violation of the Nine Power Treaty in her Manchurian aggression? That violation was denounced in the report of the League Assembly in February 1933, which was subscribed to by Great Britain—and it still continues. Even apart from this, the Japanese Government have not repudiated the new claims over China put forward by their Foreign Office "spokesman," claims which are in spirit and in letter incompatible with the terms of the Nine Power Treaty. In all the circumstances, therefore, to pretend to satisfaction with Mr. Hirota's friendly assurances is either dishonesty or imbecility, or both. It is imperative that we and the other Western Powers with obligations and interests in China should take a firm and a prompt stand against Japanese machinations. Otherwise we are likely to see a new attempt at the imposition of the "Twenty-One Demands" on China—an attempt which this time will only be resisted at a disastrous cost.

The Reconstruction of China

The Assembly's report last year did not merely condemn Japanese aggression. It called for the employment of a policy of international co-operation in assisting the Chinese to modernise their institutions and reorganise and consolidate their country. And now there has been published the report of Dr. Rajchmann, the League's technical adviser to the Nanking Government. This is a document of first-class importance, a full study of the whole problem of Chinese reconstruction, dealing with agriculture, textiles, transport, health and education, and making practical proposals for collaboration by the League Powers. Here, then, is a definite test of our good faith and good sense—and of Japan's. The Japanese have been crabbing Dr. Rajchmann's work, and scheming to get rid of him. They do not in fact want China reconstructed by anybody but themselves, and their policy in this matter, as in others, is in flagrant contradiction to their professions of loyalty to the Nine Power Treaty and the principle of the "Open Door." But the League obviously cannot stultify itself by throwing over its own officer and putting all his work in the dustbin. It (and "it" means Great Britain as well as others) must implement this report—with the good will of Japan if she is wise, in face of her opposition if she is not.

The War in Arabia

The Wahabi forces are progressing steadily in South-West Arabia. They have made themselves masters of the Red Sea port of Hodeida, and are pushing on now with the more difficult advance to Sanaa, the Yemeni capital. It looks as if Ibn Saud may succeed in swallowing the Imam of Yemen as he has swallowed other neighbouring princes who have challenged his power. His dominion has spread since the Great War over the larger part of the Arabian peninsula, and the most notable of his victories overthrew the Sharifian dynasty—our old protégés who ruled over Mecca and the Hijaz. Ibn Saud is a formidable personality and, as we believe, the best ruler that Arabia has known for a long time. His own people, the Wahabis, are an extreme Puritan sect of Islam; they are fierce warriors, and they have the advantage of being equipped with a good supply of modern armaments. Some anxiety was felt the other day about the British subjects (300 British Indians, to be exact) in Hodeida, and H.M.S. *Penzance* was there to take them off. But Ibn Saud is a rigorous disciplinarian, and there is no reason to doubt his statement that order is being maintained and life and property respected by his troops in the present operations. The British Government are preserving a correct attitude of neutrality (as are the Italians, who also have important interests in that part of the world). But if and when Ibn Saud disposes of the Yemen, some delicate questions touching the Aden Protectorate boundaries, which we recently settled with the Imam, may have to be reopened and settled afresh.

Reforming the Lords

Poor Lord Salisbury! He has done his level best to stampede the Government into "reforming" the House of Lords. But over the spectre of revolution (labelled Sir Stafford Cripps) that he conjures up, his friend Lord Hailsham pours a bucket of icy water. The Government, he says, will neither oppose nor support Lord Salisbury's Bill—but even if it should pass the Lords now, there is no chance of its getting into the Statute Book. The Bill, as we showed in commenting on it in these columns a few months ago when it was first introduced, is a hopeless attempt to put the clock back. Lord Salisbury would strengthen the Upper Chamber both by reducing its numbers and by restoring powers of which it has been shorn. He would keep the hereditary principle (to which, be it observed, a considerable section of the Conservative Party is opposed), while diluting it with some pseudo-democratic elements. His object is, in short, as Lord Snell declared, to "make Toryism safe for eternity." Obviously the Salisbury scheme will not do. It is not only obnoxious to those of us—and we are many—who do not want a second chamber at all, and to more doubtful democrats who believe in the virtues of a "revising body" with strictly limited powers. But it would create disruption in the Tory camp itself.

Mr. Thomas at Bay

The Empire trade debate in the Commons last Monday was productive of more heat than light. Sir Herbert Samuel pitched into Mr. Thomas for his cavalier treatment of a telegram from New Zealand raising the question of a reduction of tariffs. Mr. Amery pitched into Mr.

Runciman for making those scandalous agreements with the Argentine and Denmark. Mr. Thomas retorted that Mr. Amery's speech was in very bad taste and, as for New Zealand, he suggested that the so-called offer was bunkum—at any rate, it was not an "offer" of anything at all, but at the most an inquiry. That, no doubt, is the truth; but the inquiry might still have been worth listening to, as Sir Herbert Samuel urged. Mr. Thomas, however, asserted roundly that the New Zealand Government dare not, and could not, lower their tariffs. Having thus cleared away what he called "wicked and calculated misstatements of fact," he had the satisfaction of seeing the motion to reduce his salary negatived by a large majority. Most of us will feel less satisfaction—not because we believe that the Government have in this case thrown away a genuine opportunity of promoting Free Trade in the Empire, but because the muddle they have got into with Ottawa and Mr. Elliot and Mr. Runciman and the rest of their Protectionist doctors makes any freedom of trade look Utopian.

The Colonies as Pawns in the Trade Game

Mr. Runciman's measures against Japanese exports to British Colonial markets raise a difficult question. Have we any right to prevent the inhabitants of the Colonies, which we claim to govern in their interests, from buying their goods in the cheapest market? It was at least claimed for the measures that followed the Ottawa Conference that they were on a reciprocal basis. But in the present case Mr. Runciman is using his power over the colonial markets exclusively in the interests of the Lancashire cotton industry. Doubtless, his claim is that the measures taken against Japan are meant to be temporary, and to induce the Japanese to enter into a trade bargain covering the world as a whole. But if Japan will not bargain on these terms—which seems probable—what is to happen? Are the inhabitants of Malaya, British East Africa and the other areas affected to be prevented permanently from buying Japanese goods? It is no answer to say that Japanese competition is unfair; for what self-governing country scruples to buy in the cheapest market, except when it is a question of protecting its own industries? What it comes to is that we are trying to compel our native subjects to pay more in Lancashire's interest. That Lancashire is hard hit by Japanese competition we all know; but can that justify introducing into our colonial trade a principle which lost us America, and one which we have often reprobated when it has been practised by other imperial countries to our traders' detriment?

India

The newly formed Indian Swaraj Party represents a large section of Hindu opinion, and a considerable element from amongst the Muslims. Now that the Government have wisely decided to hold elections it would have been absurd if the views of this important group had not been expressed. Nor is it possible to find anything very revolutionary in their programme. Their general ideas resemble those of moderate Left Wing organisations throughout the world. They naturally dislike the White Paper, and leave themselves free to agitate for a better constitution from within the Assembly and the Provincial Councils. No sane Englishman can object to this attitude, nor to their proposal to work for a revision of their country's indebtedness abroad. This can hardly alarm those Conservatives who applaud our refusal to pay another instalment of the American debt, nor need it disrupt an Empire in which several Dominions are using a possible default in interest payments as a bargaining counter for better trade relations. An interesting feature in the policy of the Swaraj Party is its emphasis upon the question of internal debt. An excessive tenderness towards the agricultural money-lender was a weak spot in the Congress policy. The emergence of the Swaraj Party may well mark the beginning of political divisions along economic rather than racial lines.

The Rubber Committee Gets to Work

The new Rubber Restriction Scheme has been ratified with remarkable promptness by the Governments concerned. The new system of export quotas is to be brought into force at once in order to avoid too much dislocation at the outset, and reduction of exports is to be effected gradually over the next few months, on the basis of diminishing quotas, with some elasticity between month and month in the early stages. This method may help to check speculative activity in the rubber and rubber share markets; but the announcements made this week leave us no less in the dark than before about the treatment that is to be meted out to the native producers. On this point there is so far either complete silence, or a generality of statement that has not a reassuring, but rather a distinctly alarming, effect. The composition of the advisory panel, representing rubber manufacturers, has not yet been announced, though invitations are said to have been sent out. There are already loud complaints from the United States about the scheme, as everyone knew there would be. Will the advisory panel placate the American users? They at any rate get some consideration; but how much is to be accorded to the native producers, who have a still stronger claim?

The Grid and the Villages

The grid is nearing completion. What is the next step? The country is criss-crossed everywhere with main transmission lines; but next to nothing has been done to bring electricity within the reach of the villages. Nor will it be done, as long as the distribution of current remains in its present chaotic condition. In a few areas experiments have been made with rural electrification—in parts of Norfolk and Derbyshire, for example, and in the part of Sussex round Haywards Heath. But whereas Sussex, with plenty of rich or well-to-do consumers in the rural areas, may get supplied on an economic basis by smallish companies, there is no chance of electricity effectively reaching most of rural England until urban and rural distribution can be co-ordinated over larger areas. This means a new Act, to do for retail distribution what the grid has done for generation and wholesale distribution of current. The vested interests which can get a safe profit from urban supply will fight any scheme of this sort. But it is equally to the advantage of the grid, which wants more load, and of the consuming public, which wants current where it is not yet available, and cheaper current where it is.

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THE LIMITS OF SEDITION

To public opinion, if it comes from the right quarter, this National Government is not wholly insensible. That is the relatively comfortable conclusion that one is entitled to draw since the standing committee of the Commons met on Tuesday to consider the Sedition Bill. For several weeks the conviction has been spreading from the alerter regions of the Left to the calmer climate of the Right, that this Bill is the most insidious attack on the freedom of printing and speech that any British Government has planned since the days of Pitt and Dundas. There are, fortunately for our country, still bridges and avenues that lead from one zone of opinion to the other. The decisive event arrived when Oxford spoke in the person of Sir William Holdsworth. When a great Conservative authority on constitutional law shared, albeit with a becoming calm, the alarm of the Labour Party and the intellectual pioneers, even this Government was obliged to listen with respectful attention. The Bill, as it stands after one day's revision in Committee, is still an unnecessary and dangerous measure, but it is no longer so open and obvious an attack on the freedom of political discussion. The Government is at least at pains to show that its intentions are not of the worst. It has become aware of the fact that in the solidest and most respectable quarters there is still a lively concern for freedom. There is in this event a salutary moral against premature pessimism. The nation still thinks and moves in some degree as a living whole. The Left by its quicker motions may hope to awaken the Conservatives who are the natural custodians of its tradition.

Three amendments are now assured, which together remove some of the more monstrous dangers of this Bill. Provision will be made for trial by jury, if an accused person claims it. This is not in the twentieth century the safeguard that it used to be in the eighteenth, more especially in London. It is, however, of some value as a guarantee of publicity; routine convictions before lay magistrates can be avoided. Something too is gained by the acceptance of Mr. Dingle Foot's amendment, which requires that before anyone can be convicted of seducing a soldier from his duty or allegiance, he must have done it (in the words of the Mutiny Act of 1797) " maliciously and advisedly." These words ought to protect an accused person who had no set intention of seducing soldiers or sailors, though some accidental wind may have carried, or might in a lawyer's imagination have carried, his words to their ears. One doubts, however, after reading what the Law Officers said in Committee, whether these words are as effectual as they seem to an inexperienced layman. But as to the third amendment, of which Sir Thomas Inskip has given notice, there is no doubt. It does remove, frankly and decidedly, the worst scandal of this Bill. Clause 2, as it stood, was wholly indefensible. It provided that if a person were found " without lawful excuse " to be in possession of documents which if disseminated among the forces would be liable to seduce them from their duty, he would be guilty of an offence. The meaningless words " without lawful excuse " disappear. The onus of proving his innocence is laid no longer on the accused person. The prosecution must now prove that he had the objectionable documents in his possession " with intent to commit or to aid, abet, counsel or procure the commission of an offence " under this Act. This is a straightforward obliteration of the ugliest thing in the Bill. It entitles us to assume that the Attorney-General does not intend that his measure shall be used to destroy free discussion among civilians. He is trying to confine it to its avowed purpose. He means to stop an agitator who, by printed or spoken words deliberately addressed to the troops, plainly incites them to mutiny. And this, we must suppose, is all that he desires to effect.

Has he, in fact, limited his Bill to this narrower purpose? Let us consider how it must affect all concerned in printing, publishing and journalism. The main effect of any restriction whatever on the freedom of the press is always indirect. It is right that there should be some check on libel and on pornography. But because libels and obscenities are difficult to define, and again because the Courts (and in the latter case the police) will often take a capricious or unduly timid view, the area of restriction is in fact habitually much wider than an enlightened public opinion would desire. Every publisher calls in a lawyer to read his manuscripts; he must play for safety, and if he feels the smallest doubt as to what, in the most unfavourable circumstances, a stiff or reactionary judge might decide, it is his duty to advise the omission or alteration of the doubtful passage. No one who knows Fleet Street will dispute that the exposure by the press of scandal, graft and shady business transactions is rendered in this way difficult and dangerous by the excessive risk of libel. It is equally certain that some good literature is maimed or suppressed by the fear of legal " obscenity." To these two checks is now added a third. Every printer before he puts a Left wing newspaper or pamphlet on the machines, every publisher before he accepts a Left wing book, must scrutinise the manuscript for any taint of sedition. He does not know to what uses a propagandist newspaper may be put. He suspects that ardent young people, Socialists or Communists, will sell it on the streets. Can he trust them never to sell it to a soldier? In that event any plain-spoken appeal against participation in war, or any allusion to the treachery to their class of soldiers who fire upon strikers, may easily bring him under the Act. If any printer makes himself interesting to the police by frequently printing leaflets or periodicals that " sail near the wind," his premises may be searched, and their contents carried away. In short, if he takes risks there is a mechanism under this Act nicely designed to intimidate and terrorise him. One may fairly say that after its passage the printing of all pacifist and anti-militarist propaganda, including all Communist publications, will be made risky, expensive, difficult and ultimately, it may even be, impossible.

The case with books is no better. It may be that a costly book written in an academic manner will be reasonably safe. Pitt spared Godwin's *Political Justice* because revolutionary workmen do not buy books at three guineas. But suppose one publishes cheaply a book that ranges over several of these dangerous topics. One does it, as Mr. Stanley Unwin points out in his letter in this issue, at considerable risk. The amendments do not remove that risk since the publisher publishes " with intent " to sell. One means to sell to all who will buy. One must have it in mind that a soldier may chance to purchase a copy. One cannot fend soldiers off from certain books, as children

are excluded from certain films. But the whole effect, shall we say, of any penetrating discussion of Imperialism would be to make a soldier at least uneasy in the performance of his duty. He has just read (let us say) a sharp indictment of the broad results of British rule in India. The writer has pointed out that these results rest ultimately on the white garrison. A clever prosecutor would depict the distress of a young recruit with a sensitive conscience as he read these passages on the eve of embarking for Bombay. "Morally," he would thunder, "they are an incitement to desert." Few judges would be impressed, but some juries in an abnormal state of public opinion might well be moved. There is at least risk enough to make the ordinary publisher extremely cautious as he turns the pages of any manuscript that delves at all critically into the military foundation of class power, the ultimate buttresses of the capitalist system, or the meaning of Empire. Possibly any rank Socialist book, probably any Marxist book, certainly any Tolstoyan book, would be doubtfully lawful. For the Solicitor-General laid it down in Tuesday's Committee that the saying of anything calculated "to make a solider less zealous in carrying out his duties" would be an offence. With that commentary ringing in his ears the average publisher will in future dismiss whole categories of Left wing books at sight.

The first day's proceedings on this Bill are certainly an encouragement to persist without flagging in the work of amending it. But we question whether any amendment, however ingenious or drastic, can remove the indirect mischief—the enlargement of the area of risk, the vague suggestion of danger, which will make whole areas of discussion perilous. The opposition should persist in its demand for the withdrawal of a Bill which seems to be wholly unnecessary. Incitement to mutiny, in the only sense in which it ought to be an offence, has been such ever since 1797. The precautions that sufficed in the days of the mutiny at the Nore are enough to ward off any dangers that threaten us to-day.

"MITTEL-EUROPA"

THE defeat of the Austrian Social Democrats in February was, from every point of view, an international event. When Dr. Dollfuss or Dr. Benes denies this, no one who is *au fait* with Austrian politics is deceived. For it is almost true to say that Austria has no internal affairs—she is an international battleground, whether in politics or finance, for all the Powers with Danubian hopes or fears.

Before the battles of February a precarious balance existed between the influence of Italy in the valley of the Danube and that of the Little Entente, which regarded Italy as an intruder, but relied upon France. Both rivals viewed uneasily the new impulse provided by National Socialism to the *Mittel-Europa* idea, the old plan for German hegemony in the Danube newly disguised as a *raciste* demand for the Anschluss. Alarmed by this, France decided to resign the initiative in Austria to Italy, and Czechoslovakia unwillingly agreed. But neither France nor Czechoslovakia had abandoned their interest in the survival of the Austrian Social Democrats, who were their allies from several points of view, and who provided a link with Soviet Russia, an old friend of the Czechs and the new friend of France. Mussolini detested the Socialists as the truest enemies both to his political theories and his Danubian greed, but it was only the collapse of the French Left, at the beginning of February, which gave Italy the chance to insist upon the elimination of the Marxist Party. Dr. Dollfuss had promised M. Paul-Boncour not to destroy the Socialists, while to M. Barthou he could repudiate the pledge. The news from France, moreover, profoundly affected the morale of the Austrian Socialists; there was a feeling among them that Western democracy had gone to pieces and the time had come for heroic remedies—a great stand, a supreme gesture, must be made in the name of freedom. With the will to fight created in both camps, the affair of Linz was more than enough to precipitate the battle.

The Socialists fought with the Czechoslovakian frontier as their line of defence. Large quantities of their arms had been sent in from Czechoslovakia. The Czechs were itching to help more openly, but they could not act alone; they were, moreover, at that very moment overtaken by a financial crisis involving the devaluation of their currency. So the Austrian Regulars beat the Socialists; "Mussolini's mercenaries," the Heimwehr, seized the laurels, and the Clericals took the jobs. Thus, in uneasy harness, the Quirinal and the Vatican took over the direction of Austria; the Papacy is largely an Italian institution, and Austria became, in effect, an Italian protectorate.

"Dollfuss shoots down the people." In the first days, German hopes were high; the survivors of the Schutzbund were joining the Nazis; it would be impossible for Dollfuss to hold down the hating masses, and Germany's time would, perhaps, come sooner than she had feared. By the middle of March, however, the situation had crystallised quite differently. As early as February 17th, Great Britain and France had made an anti-German declaration in favour of the "complete independence" of Austria. Habicht was removed until May 3rd from the Munich microphone, and evidence increased that the German Chancellor had been forced to admit a temporary defeat at the hands of his soi-disant political mentor in Rome.

Meanwhile, the Habsburg restoration talk provoked a sharp veto from the Little Entente. The suggestion of a Habsburg at Vienna is felt to be a menace to Jugoslavia's authority in Croatia and to Rumania's hold on Transylvania. To the Czechs, the very conception is intolerable, and Dr. Benes is at all times eloquent in describing the ghost of oppression, and the skeleton of intrigue, which the name of Habsburg raises up in Prague. For the Czechs are as historically minded as the Irish; they are as much afraid of the Habsburg past as of a pan-German future which would condemn them to partition. To Benes, the Archduke Otto is almost more detestable than the Anschluss, and it should be observed that he is here, if nowhere else, in agreement with Gömbös. Instead of restoring the Habsburgs, Mussolini has, for the time, created a more practical and invulnerable Austro-Hungarian *rapprochement* through the Pact which he proffered to Dollfuss and Gömbös at Rome in the middle of March. Though the Trieste-Fiume promises mean little, Italy made economic concessions of more than nominal value.

What, then, is the European outcome of the shots fired at Linz on February 12th? The French, reconciled perforce to the destruction of the Austrian Socialists and to the annihilation of their own direct influence in Vienna, now rub their hands gleefully to see one of their goals reached, and Italy and Germany brought face to face in Austria. But their satisfaction seems exaggerated, and Benes' brave words, in his speech of March 21st, unconvincing. Czechoslovakia has suffered a decisive defeat in Austria, and it was at the price of this blow to France's ally that Mussolini was willing to brave her enemy. He would take on Germany, that is to say, if he could regard the Danube as his. M. Barthou's recent journey has obviously failed to weaken the Polish-German understanding which has been identified with Polish-Czech frontier incidents, and undoubtedly expresses hostility to Geneva technique. Thus, whatever the Poles and the Germans have agreed about Russia, the France-Russia-Little Entente alignment is now doubly hit. And for Czechoslovakia there is the additional difficulty that Jugoslavia's hostility to Italy and Hungary now inclines her to flirt with Germany; a clear Italo-German issue thus tends to weaken the Little Entente.

For the moment, an Italian solution of the Danubian problem seems virtually effected, despite Benes' claim on March 21st—which he must know to be meaningless—that "Austria must

remain Austrian." He was nearer the truth when he said, "a future European war might have its origin on Austrian soil"; for Hitler will only abandon the country of his birth until he is sufficiently strong to fight for it. France, confident that Italy will hold the Tyrol, has stiffened over armaments, and Germany's attention is also focused on this point. In the Tyrol itself, which has now become the acknowledged battle-front between the swastika and the fascio, a situation of dramatic interest exists. Some of the Heimwehr men in Innsbruck have actually taken to Black Shirts and the fascio of late. The Nazis, despite their apparent desertion by the Reich, are all the more confident of the future. The Heimwehr, popularly called the H.W., stands for "Hitler Welcome," Innsbruckers will explain to one, and the mountains are lit up on most evenings with Nazi torches which spell "Heil Hitler." The question of the Trentino has been long forgotten, but now anti-Italian feeling is creeping across the Brenner frontier; during Mussolini's recent election campaign, Hitlerism showed signs of life in and around Bolzano.

There is an Austrian epilogue to write to the Danubian story. The Socialists were never very strong in the Tyrol; now that they are officially destroyed it is nevertheless in the Tyrol alone that there exists, alongside the partisans of Italy and Germany, a real local patriotism, the only emotion which can claim to be purely Austrian to-day. The spokesman of the indigenous spirit of the Tyrolese mountaineers is a certain Dr. Gamper, who was recently struck in the face by some Heimwehr men in Innsbruck. This man is a Christian Social official, who has for many years participated in the provincial administration of the Tyrol. The Heimwehr accuse him of showing that corrupt party spirit which belongs to the parliamentary age they claim to have destroyed. This is to say that Gamper, a Catholic and a monarchist, is also proud to call himself a democrat. A monarch provides a logical origin for an arbitrating authority, but the men of the Vorarlberg and the Tyrol, if they prefer a king in the background, share the independent attitude of their neighbours in Switzerland; subjects—as opposed to citizens—begin east of the Tyrol-Salzburg frontier, in Gamper's view. He quotes ancient Greek with a strong Tyrolese accent, and shakes his head over the history of tyrants from Periander of Corinth to Adolf Hitler. The Tyrolese, he points out, retained their autonomy in the midst of the old autocracies of Europe—for the Habsburgs learned to leave them alone; it is possible to hope that the torrent of Fascism may also pass them by. While Gamper admits that his optimism may be unfounded, he has performed one signal service for those who feel dissatisfied with the development of Austro-Fascism. Dollfuss has at last provided Austria with a new, though merely transitional, constitution. According to this, there will be various professional bodies to advise the Government and to control its financial policy, but the members of these bodies are merely Government nominees. Gamper has, however, induced Dollfuss to promise that when the transitional period is over the final corporative councils of Austria will be freely elected by the people they are to represent; it is on this condition that many Christian Socials have agreed to the period of nomination from above. It must be difficult for Dollfuss to remember all the promises he makes; it is, therefore, desirable that this one should be recorded, obscure though Austria's future must be. E. W.

MONETARY POLICY.—The first of three articles on Great Britain's Monetary Policy will appear in next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

WAR DEBTS.—In view of the renewed urgency of the War Debts question the attention of our readers is called to the lucid exposition of the problem in the sixpenny pamphlet, still obtainable from this office, entitled "War Debts and Reparations: What they are: Why they must be cancelled," by G. D. H. Cole and R. S. Postgate.

ARMS AND THE CHINAMAN

ONE of the facts that most impress the visitor to Shanghai is that the importers of this city, no matter what goods they specialise in, are always quite ready to undertake to procure for a client a consignment of arms, better, cheaper and deadlier than those of any competitor. The few importers who do not deal in arms feel very bitter about it, and are on the look out for some brigand who has become a general, or some general who has become a brigand, in the hope of being able to place with him a nice little consignment just waiting to be landed. On board the cargo boats lying off Shanghai there are large cases, ostensibly marked "Bibles," "Pianos," "Umbrellas," or "Glassware." In the language of the slave traders in the Red Sea, everyone knows that when a pass is signed, whether at Djibouti or elsewhere, for "Mules," human ones are referred to. So, in the dealer's language in Shanghai, "Bibles" mean revolvers, "Pianos" mean mitrailleuses, "Umbrellas" mean rifles, and "Glassware" means bullets.

As long ago as the beginning of the sixteenth century the Portuguese came to China and supplied the delighted natives with gunpowder and lead. Being very devout Catholics, the Portuguese traders demanded not only the agreed upon quantity of tea, silk and porcelain for their consignment, but also 1,200 heathens for baptismal purposes. Even to-day, in the War Museum in Tokio, you can see an old Christian cannon inscribed with crucifixions and pious Latin texts, ending, "fecit A.D. 1550." In this museum there is no trace, unfortunately, of the Japs or the Chinese who, in return for this consignment, had to become Christians. We must not, however, imagine that baptism went out of fashion as payment for consignments of arms. As recently as during the Taiping Rebellion history relates that Marshal Lin-Ah-foo and 3,000 of his men consented to be baptised into the Holy Catholic Church in return for a substantial delivery of arms to help the insurgents. Nor were the Catholics alone in their zeal. Two of the Taiping leaders, Li-Je-uh and Tsen-Ah-lin, proclaimed themselves members of the Protestant fold in return for the arms some enterprising English missionaries procured for them.

The history of the arms traffic in China is readily illustrated by the fact that the first Consular task of the first French Consul-General, on the first day of his first visit to China, was to settle some business for J. Aroné, a French subject, of the firm of Bac, Aroné and Company, who wanted to deposit goods in a Shanghai hotel—the goods being 200 cases of arms for war purposes—and as the hotel proprietor on no account would allow these cases in his hotel, Monsieur de Montigny, the French Consul, had to intervene and insisted that the goods should be deposited in the hotel. This all happened in the British Settlement, since at that time, 1848, no French Concession existed. It was, in fact, through the purchase of territory by another French arms dealer, Monsieur Remi, that the French Concession came into being at all. Even the American Consul, at that time Mr. Griswold, carried on a business of arms, and lodged a long complaint at the Quai d'Orsay against his rival, Monsieur Remi. The result of this dispute was that Mr. Griswold was recalled, and his successor was Mr. Cunningham. This gentleman, in his capacity as American Consul during the Taiping Rebellion, placed his services at the disposal of the Emperor, and at the same time, in his capacity as head of the firm of Russell and Company, sold the rebels not only arms, but also a couple of warships. It dates from the time of the Taiping Rebellion that foreign merchants in China turned from the profitable business of importation of opium, which by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, concluding the opium war of 1840, they were allowed to import into China without restriction, and instead of opium, they started to import arms into China. It was unfortunate that during the siege of Shanghai in September, 1853, some of the shells which Monsieur Remi and Monsieur de Montigny had sold to the Taiping rebels

exploded in the shady garden of the French Consulate, damaging not only the building, but the French Cathedral.

Often as China has received foreign loans, seldom has she ever had ready money in her hands. In the past, when loans were concluded with China, it was generally in order that they should be used for the purchase of arms from the countries floating the loans. Two Viennese banks, the Niederoesterreichische Escompte-Gesellschaft and the Oesterreichische Boden-Kreditanstalt, concluded three big loans in China just before the war, only on the condition that most of the loans should be spent on battleships constructed at the Cantiere Navale Triestino, and on munitions from the Skoda Works in Pilsen. Quite officially, to-day, English firms deliver tanks and steel plates; the French deliver big cannons, the Czechoslovakians deliver mitrailleuses; the Norwegians, explosives; the Belgians, revolvers; the Swedes, military searchlights; the Germans, poison gas; the Americans, nitrate and gun-cotton. Unofficially, this trade assumes bigger proportions, and everybody is ready to close an eye when it is a question of arms smuggling. One wonders how much of the loans recently concluded by Mr. T. V. Soong are to be spent on armaments. According to the daily radio news received on the liner that brought me out here, contracts assuming great proportions, for the supply of arms to China, had been entered into in Paris by the Chinese Finance Minister and Marshal Chang-Hsueh-liang, the son of Chang-Tso-lin, whom he met in Paris, and who has again reappeared there after his hasty flight from Peking with the money sent him by General Chiang-Kai-shek for use against Japan.

In 1919 the American Minister in Peking did propose to the other great powers an arms embargo agreement, by which the contracting parties should agree not to deliver arms and munitions to China until a stabilised form of government was formed. The Great Powers duly signed this agreement, which was later submitted to and signed by Italy, the Netherlands, Denmark and Belgium. The only important country not asked to sign the agreement was Germany, since in 1919 Germans were regarded by the Allies as mere "Huns," not worthy to associate with other members of the concert of nations. Fortunately for the arms industry, gentlemen know how to keep a gentlemen's agreement. Thus, when the troops of Wu-Pei-fu appeared wearing British trench helmets, the British Government declared that they only supplied China with these for decorative purposes to be used on parades. Questions were also raised about a consignment of 140 aeroplanes delivered in Peking by Vickers Armstrong within a year of the signing of the arms agreement. Vickers, however, explained that these aeroplanes were only to be used for air mails. It was not, after all, Vickers' fault if the unscrupulous Chinese converted them into war machines.

The fact that Germany was not invited to sign the arms embargo agreement turned out to be of great benefit to her, because, in order to keep to the letter of this agreement, the gentlemen who signed it began very shortly afterwards to supply China with arms, using some German subject as a figure-head to sign the contract. The subsequent history of the delivery of arms to China by Germany would fill not an article, but several large books. To mention only a few instances, there was the case of the Norwegian steamers, the *Skule*, in 1928, with a large shipment of German arms, and the *Aker*, in the same year, and these affairs were amply discussed in the German Reichstag during the debates in 1928, at which the writer of this article was present. In the course of those debates it was discovered that the German government officials were themselves heavily compromised in the supply of arms to China. In the same year there was a fantastic story of the Czechoslovakian ship, *Praha*, with a German crew and German captain, and 100,000 rifles, munitions and tanks on board, which, unfortunately, had to stop in Manila Harbour to get water. The simple inhabitants of those islands were surprised to see a ship of the Republic of Czechoslovakia. She turned out to be a German, the *Hedwig*, which had obtained from the Skoda Works some kind of Czechoslovakian protection.

And the Communists? How do they get their arms to conduct their remarkable resistance in South-East China? They are the only ones who are not supplied, as far as I know, by any one of the leading armament firms. It is chiefly the deserters from the Kuomintang armies that bring them their arms. When a prisoner is taken, it is quite usual for the capturer not to shoot him, but to take his rifle and give him five dollars for it. He rushes back to his comrades with this unexpected gift, and the next morning hundreds, if not thousands, of rifles are brought for five dollars—expected, but not always received.

I was very anxious to meet one of these German arms dealers to hear myself his point of view. It was arranged for me by a mutual friend to meet such a German, whom I shall call Herr Meyer. An opportune moment was found to meet this gentleman in the lounge of the Cathay Hotel when he was in his cups. His conversation is really worth recording, and I am sorry that space does not allow me to say more. Amongst other things, he told me that he was engaged at this time on a large shipment of arms that were going to be sent to Vladivostok from China. I expressed surprise at this. "To the Russians?" I inquired. "Oh! well," he answered, "what happens to the arms I do not know. The chief thing is that they are paid for. Besides, you should not ask so many questions. What guarantee have we that the consignment may not be forced by storms, or lack of water, to enter a Japanese harbour?" "Well," I said, "do you want to sell arms to the Chinese, or to the Japanese?" To this the man truthfully replied: "It does not matter to me to whom I sell it, or whether the Chinks kill the Japs, or the Japs kill the Chinks; it does not matter a damn to me. The best thing those slant-eyes can do is to exterminate each other." Finding it difficult to answer this, I was silent. "Prosit!" said Herr Meyer, lifting his glass. I lifted mine. G. H.

A LONDON DIARY

EVERYWHERE I've been the last few days people have talked to me about the leading article which appeared in this paper last week, entitled "The Revolutionary Middle-class." For once, they say, your paper has really hit the nail on the head. "We are middle-class people: we are prepared for change and Socialist change at that, and yet we are quite sceptical about the Labour Party's socialism or about any government's ability, without a very challenging constitutional programme, to accomplish anything. Perhaps Cripps, who seems on the right lines, will succeed in doing something drastic to the Labour Party at the next Party Conference. Let's hope so. The present Labour Party scarcely seems interested in us (except at elections); it makes, in any case, no appeal for our energy and enthusiasm. We are not really interested in the old party politics; who cares to hear once again that a new project for a Labour-Liberal alliance has been repudiated once again with equal vehemence by both sides? But do not run away with the idea that we are deceived by Mosleyism either; how anyone can hope to persuade us that he is genuinely anti-conservative and anti-finance-capital when he is supported by Lord Rothermere and the bunch of Die-hards who go round with Mosley, we cannot imagine. Why should we be used, as the middle-class in Germany were used, to make a revolution in the interest of big business? We want a revolution—and see no reason for a violent one—in the interest of common people, including ourselves."

* * *

I want unreservedly to congratulate the B.B.C. on its present Talks programme. The series in which Professor Levy is building up a picture of society by examining people of various types on their social functions is an example of the kind of educational work that only the B.B.C. can do. Even more remarkable are its Saturday night talks by unemployed men. They are the genuine article—uncensored, sincere statements by men who have known what it is to be

down and out or to keep a family on the dole. Each of the Talks has been good and I hope every one has heard them or read them in the *Listener*. Mr. John Bentley described the drift into destitution, the bitterness and the willingness it brought to do anything honest or dishonest to get food, and the partial salvation that came through turning pavement artist. Mr. John Evans described permanent unemployment in the Rhondda Valley. "There are two things that I am really glad about. The first is that I live in the Rhondda. There's real kindness and comradeship here and that *just* about makes life worth living. The second thing I am glad about is that I haven't a son. . . " He ended by speaking of the alternating subservience and sour resentment engendered by watching other people buying things when you are near starvation. "One moment I feel I can almost lick a man's boots for a favour; another time I could bash him in the face." Mr. Rankin, a Clydesider, was even more forcible in describing the way in which the Means Test broke up families. Unlike Mr. Evans he has a son. The son might apparently have gone to a University or to a good post if he had been able to stay at school till he was sixteen. His father managed to keep him there until he was fifteen and a half, and then a prolonged spell of unemployment forced him to take the boy away. These Talks should once and for all make it impossible for people to say that there is to-day no real poverty or hunger in England. The B.B.C. is in a far better position than any other organisation for nailing down lies. It's an important part of its job. I am none the less grateful when it fulfills it with courage and integrity.

* * *

An intriguing little report from Geneva in the *Times* last Monday denied rumours that "in conversation with the Japanese Consul-General in Geneva, the Secretary-General of the League, M. Avenol, indicated possible changes in the character of the technical co-operation between the League Secretariat and the Nanking Government." Official language apart, the truth of the matter is that the Japanese are doing their best to get rid of Dr. Rajchman, the admirable League representative in China. The Japanese have put it about that Dr. Rajchman, who is now in England, will never go back to China. His reappointment will in effect be a test case. I presume he will return to China; if he does not we shall know that the League Council has once again surrendered to Japan.

* * *

If we had not known our Trebitsch Lincoln already, there would have been something odd about his arrival here dressed as a Buddhist monk. But his conversion, his pilgrimage from China and his detention by the Alien's Department are incidents which fit in quite well with the rest of his career. By birth an Hungarian Jew, he turned to the Christian Church in his teens, threw over dreams of the stage, and became an Anglican missioner to the Jews in Canada. Thirty years ago he was ordained by Archbishop Temple, and became curate of Appledore, Kent. Then he was taken up by a group of Liberals, captured Darlington from a Pease, and sat in the short Parliament of 1910. During the war Scotland Yard discovered that he was an international spy; he spent three years in English prisons; but in 1919 he was playing with the Kaiser and Crown Prince. What follows may be read in the *Autobiography of an Adventurer* (translated from the German by Mr. Emile Burns), a narrative that might well have found a larger public than the few who marked it in 1931. Lincoln makes claim to having been the brains behind the Kapp *putsch* in 1920—his contempt for Kapp, for Ludendorff, and all the gang, being unbounded. After adventures in China Lincoln in 1923 was at Zurich, where, as he says, he saved Colonel Bauer from being involved, like Ludendorff, in the Hitler *putsch*. I presume Lincoln is tired of politics: anyway I can see that for him a Buddhist monastery in Mongolia may sound an attractive retreat.

* * *

A recent *New Republic* contained an interesting collection of Nazi aphorisms sent by John Gunther, the well-known Vienna correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. They range from Dr. Frank's simple little essay in inductive reasoning —"Hitler is lonely, so is God; Hitler is like God" to examples of the fruitful channels into which Dr. Goebbels has directed experimental science. Hermann Gauch's *New Basis of Racial Research* shows what can be done in this line. Consider the following extract:

> The Nordic mouth has further superiorities. Just as the red colour has a stirring effect (surely a very significant admission) the bright red mouth of Nordics attracts and provokes kisses and courtship. The Nordic mouth is kiss capable. On the other hand, the non-Nordic's broad, thick-lipped mouth, together with his wide dilated nostrils, display sensual eagerness, a false and malicious sneering expression and a sipping movement indicative of voluptuous self-indulgence.

What prospect of empirical research does this not open up to science. Consider how many doctrinal theses could not be written round that monumental subject *Nordischekiüss-fähigkeitwissenschaft* (Nordic Kiss Capability craft). When this huge field is thoroughly explored the Nazi medical man might turn with profit to Dr. Goebbels' statement, "A Jew is for me an object of disgust, I vomit when I see one." I suggest as a title for a scientific paper on this subject, "Nordic self-expression through the excretory functions." The extracts, too, suggest that the opposition is attacking the regime on a far wider front than is generally supposed outside Germany, and is literally getting in under the skin of the Storm Troopers. *National Health*, a Nuremberg Weekly, has had to issue the following grave warning:

> The tracing of almost all diseases to bacteria, whose entrance into the body we can do nothing to prevent, is a serious scientific error. Many chemical products are fiendish devices perfected by Marxist scientists and marketed by Jewish industrialists seeking to weaken the blond race.

These are some of the least macabre of Mr. Gunther's selection —and Mr. Gunther has left out, he tells us, the really macabre ones; he does not wish to make his article funny.

* * *

One would think from some of the letters to the *Times* that the B.B.C. were committing a crime in trying out the twenty-four hour clock. I am disposed to congratulate them on their initiative and to point out that the problem of A.M. and P.M. in the railway time-table which worries some people is capable of a very simple solution. In Canada and the United States, where long-distance journeys might make the time-table a very real vexation, the practice was long ago adopted of printing all times after noon in heavy type—which solves the problem for the least sophisticated.

* * *

Two recent contributions to the "saving or spending" controversy:

> He disagreed with the argument that the poor man spent his money to more advantage so far as the State was concerned than the rich man did. The fact was that the poor were driven to purchase at stores which largely brought foreign goods for their cheapness, whereas the rich man could afford to go in for goods of quality rather than cheapness, which were of British manufacture.—Lord Apsley in the House of Commons.
>
> People who wish to have their dogs free from skin troubles should feed them on fresh raw beef all the year round. Allow a quarter of a pound a day for toy dogs such as Pekingese, and about half a pound a day for terriers, with hard biscuits in the evening. I should not expect my dogs to keep well on sloppy, soft meals and bread. Nor do I believe in too much fish though it is good as an occasional change as are well-beaten raw eggs. —A correspondent in the *Daily Express*.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

> There was not the slightest doubt of it. He was leading up to modern art. The interjection came before he was able to reach it. Mr. MacDonald went straight on as if it had never happened. He said nothing at all.—From the report of Mr. MacDonald's speech at the Royal Academy in the *Star*.

> In reply to a direct question, the Japanese Government has assured our Ambassador that it stands by the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 guaranteeing the equal rights of all the signatories in China, and that

it upholds the principle of the "Open Door." Nothing more can or need be said on this point, for Japan, unlike some Western nations, has earned the reputation of keeping the treaties which she has signed. —*The Independent.*

Dumpers Killing British Hens.—*Daily Express* headline.

Snow-white organdie is used for this glamorous ensemble, which is strewn with the utmost discretion with black camashons.—Advert.

Parachute jump by mother of six. Pictures.—*Daily Mirror* placard.

The Princess ——, although she never aspires or desires to set fashions, was well abreast of the moment in her combinations of navy blue and white.—Provincial paper.

Miss Dolores Clark (Dorgie to her friends) kept up debutante traditions by wearing a white taffeta frock, with a posy of roses and lilies of the valley, at her coming-out dance. During supper one of the guests proposed her health. Miss Clark said: "I thank you all very much. Here's health and happiness to everybody." Everyone agreed that this was a very creditable speech for a debutante. Perhaps she will revive the debutantes' debating society, which flourished a few seasons back.—Daily paper.

Miss M. Barron is a member of the team of Welsh golfers playing in the international matches. . . . *And she appeared at the first tee wearing a pair of grey flannel trousers.* She caused more than surprise. Even her colleagues of the Welsh team had been unaware of her intentions and they had a hurried consultation. As a result they decided to tell Miss Barron at the end of her first match—for she had by this time started off—that they resented her action as a breach of golfing etiquette, and to ask her not to continue playing in such costume. In consideration of this officials of the Ladies' Golfing Union agreed not to take official action.—*Evening News.*

BALLADE OF CAUSE AND EFFECT

THOUGH a Ministry's zeal is displayed
In edicts that swarm like the bees;
Though they fetter our habits and trade
With a network of drastic decrees;
There's a law that is higher than these
They are sometimes inclined to neglect,
With a tragic result that one sees
In the sequence of cause and effect.

It must sadden dictators, and shade
The lives of P.Ms. and M.Ps.,
When the blessings they promised us fade
And the founts of prosperity freeze;
But as different as chalk is from cheese,
From the triumphs that statesmen expect,
Is the fruit that appears on the trees
In the sequence of cause and effect.

You may call in the quota to aid
When your exports are "feeling the breeze";
You may dream that a martial parade
With your peaceful professions agrees;
You may plan and contrive as you please,
Enact, and dictate, and direct;
But the issue's on destiny's knees
In the sequence of cause and effect.

ENVOI

Hail Hitler and Co.! at your ease
You may pour us the wine, but reflect,
You must drain that same cup to the lees
In the sequence of cause and effect.

MACFLECKNOE

METHODS OF SELF-ENCOURAGEMENT

A MAN whom I met on Sunday told me that he had never taken the slightest interest in horses till the present year, but that now he was eagerly following the career of Colombo, the favourite for the Derby. He likes Colombo, he said, because he had read in a newspaper that Colombo was a horse of original temperament, neurotic and given to sweating nervously and behaving in an unruly fashion in the paddock before a race. Why this endeared Colombo to the speaker it was easy enough to guess. He is one of the leading figures of the time, who, while conspicuous for good nature, hilarity and charm, is nevertheless conscious of an excessive sensibility, of the occasional misery of overstrung nerves, and rejoices at every proof that these, instead of being marks of weakness, may be the essential concomitants of triumphant strength. I am sure that he would not have been interested if you had told him of a neurotic selling-plater, but a neurotic champion was his spiritual brother, even his spiritual comforter. Most men have terrible moments in which they doubt themselves because of some characteristic, and nothing gives them greater encouragement than to discover that this characteristic is shared by a great man or a great horse.

I, too, feel an affection for Colombo, as I felt an affection for last year's champion, Hyperion, but for a different reason. My heart warms to these horses because all the racing correspondents are perpetually describing them as lazy. Neither of them will do a stroke more work than he has to do. Each of them reserves his energies till the right moment and then beats all the industrious horses in the race. This apparently is regarded as a good thing. "I like a lazy horse," writes one racing correspondent after another. Does not this read like a fairy-tale for sluggards, freeing them from the imputations cast on them by Dr. Watts? The voice of the sluggard is now justified. Hitherto we have thought of him as a weakling whose "You have waked me too soon" was a mere plaintive whine. Now we know that it is the cry of fiery energy demanding the right to reserve itself for proper occasions. The sluggard, like Hyperion and Colombo, protests against the waste of precious morning hours in doing with desperate industry what is not worth doing. After all, anybody can get up in time for breakfast, but is not victory in the Derby a greater achievement than that?

Lives of great men and great horses all remind us of different things. They remind some of us that we should make our lives sublime. They remind others of us that we share many of the deficiencies, even if not the good qualities, of genius. And to resemble genius, though but in its faults, gives one a sense of being at least a distant cousin in the family of genius. There is a family pride in belonging to a company of people with one's own characteristics. Thus the fat man takes a slightly greater pleasure in reading of the noble achievements of a fat man than a thin man can ever take. The thin man feels slightly out of it in such company. He can never belong to the freemasonry of the fat, and even his love of Falstaff is not quite so cousinly as it would be if his girth were larger. Men have again and again formed themselves into clubs with no other link joining them except the accident of some physical characteristic. There is still, I believe, a Six-Foot Club in London. This brotherhood of physical characteristics becomes all the more pleasant when the characteristics are shared by men of genius. When we read biographies, it gives us pleasure to note resemblances—perfectly irrelevant resemblances—between the great and ourselves. It encourages the man with small feet to read that Gibbon had small feet. It encourages the man with large feet to read that Thoreau—and, indeed, the mass of men of genius—had large feet.

We are constantly looking for flattering mirrors which will show us not the men we are but the men we should like to resemble. This is due, not merely to vanity, but to a lack of self-confidence. There are certain moods in which we can

believe little good of ourselves because of some flaw: let us discover the same flaw in a man of undoubted merit, and our self-confidence is restored. We cannot be despondent in such excellent company. I once knew an ambitious youth who suffered hours of depression because he was convinced that no man with a small nose had ever achieved greatness. I was not, unfortunately, an authority on the size of great men's noses, and I could not reassure him on the point. I am certain that there must have been scores of small-nosed men of genius, and I think that, for the sake of the sensitive young, some one ought to compile a list of them. Who can measure the sorrows due to over-sensitiveness about physical short-comings? I myself in early life often felt melancholy when I looked into the mirror and caught sight of a nose that had been mocked by my fellow-schoolboys. It seemed to me to be as enormous as a pumpkin, and as ugly. How consoling it was to take up the autobiography of Tolstoy one day and find that he, too, had been distressed by a similar ugliness! It did not prove that I was a Tolstoy, but it proved, at least, that Tolstoy and I were in one respect in the same boat.

We admire great men for being unlike ourselves, but we are also particularly interested in them because of the things in which they are like ourselves. Every vegetarian feels a special regard for—almost a proprietorship in—Mr. Bernard Shaw because he is not only a man of genius but a vegetarian. Vegetarians, again, even when they are not interested in athletics, are interested in athletes who have won great races on vegetables. I remember in a vegetarian restaurant taking up the menu and finding on the back of it an account of the mighty feats of vegetarians in sport. None of those present, including myself, looked as if he could have won an egg-and-spoon race, but most of them, I am sure, felt a new strength in their sinews as they read of mighty jumps and long-distance races won on a diet of beans. The group instinct is strong in all of us. It makes us take pride in the exploits of people who were born in the same country as ourselves, of people who were born in the same town, of people who share our religious or irreligious beliefs, of people who are addicted to the same diet, of people who are as ungainly as ourselves or have eyes of the same colour. The beer-drinker rejoices when he reads in the paper about some exceptional man who drank too much beer every night of his life and lived to be a hundred. The teetotaller enjoys the same thrill of group-patriotism when he reads of an exceptional man who drank water and nevertheless lived to be as old as the beer-drinker. Each of them basks in self-approval as he reflects that he, too, has habits that conduce to longevity. It is a noticeable fact that neither the beer-drinkers nor the water-drinkers ever publish lists of the members of their confraternity who have been total failures in life or who have died young. To do so would be discouraging, and we cannot live happily without encouragement. Hence we usually select the exceptional man as the representative group figure and see in him a glorified image of ourselves.

We should be miserable, indeed, if we could not find good excuses for being what we are, and for believing that even our deficiencies can be turned into virtues. We tell ourselves of the fine achievements of the group of those who resemble us, and live more confidently as a result. Everybody, no matter to what group he belongs, can have this confidence for the asking. If a boy is a dunce at school, he can take pride in the fact that Oliver Goldsmith was also a dunce. If he is poor and without prospects, the gift of "From Log Cabin to White House" may give him the necessary sense of equality with his betters. There are plenty of precedents to show that stupidity does not matter, that poverty does not matter, that ugliness does not matter, that ill-health does not matter, that there is no defect, indeed, that may not be turned into a means of triumph. When one is told about these, one sometimes cannot help feeling sorry for anybody who is clever or rich or handsome or healthy. The people who have achieved most are declared to have been strangely lacking in most of the qualities and possessions we envy. This may, for all I know to the contrary, be true. A law of compensation runs through life, and Nature does not bestow all her gifts on one or two favourite children. She grants speed to the hare, but she adds to this the more dubious gift of over-confidence in his brilliant capacity. She creates the tortoise slow but compensates him with a plodding perseverance which ultimately proves more desirable than the swiftness of the hare.

Hence, in the records of human and animal life, it is not surprising that everybody, whatever his characteristics, can find some counterpart of himself which will enable him to live with greater elation and confidence. He will always find that on some point or other he resembles Demosthenes or Julius Caesar or Dr. Johnson or Robert Burns or Gladstone or Woodfull or Hyperion or Colombo. And, when he makes this discovery, his faults cease to depress him. They seem positively to give him a right to a place in the world of great achievements, and to link him, very agreeably, with the giants. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE REVOLUTIONARY MIDDLE CLASS

SIR,—I find your realistic examination of the middle class position very refreshing. My opportunities for testing opinion in that class are good and I believe that, on the whole, you understate its doubts about the efficiency of the Labour Party to carry out the changes it advocates. For about twenty years I have given to the Labour Party such support as I could and I know what an opportunity was open to that Party when it began to appeal deliberately to the brain-worker. There was unquestionably a substantial middle-class movement towards the Labour Party in the years which immediately followed the war and what your article really records is an almost complete loss of that momentum. I do not think that to-day the Party is making any real headway in recruiting the middle class—ready though I, like you, believe it to be for intelligent and strong leadership—and it is, indeed, difficult to think that in the constituencies the Party is doing anything more than recover lost ground.

The fact is that the two Labour administrations pretty well destroyed the enthusiasm of those of the middle classes who had hoped to find in Labour Governments real courage and drive. Making all allowances for their lack of a clear majority, we found them weak in administration and apparently quite unable to appreciate the importance of reshaping the instruments of Government—Parliament and the public services. Is it possible to say that democracy in this country was in any respect functioning more successfully as the result of those two administrations? The Labour Governments in fact devoted themselves to showing how like they were to other Governments while many of us felt that we had helped to put them there to be different! Much of this failure can be ascribed to the MacDonald-Snowden influence, but the effect has been far-reaching for, at a time when, as you clearly indicate, parliamentary reform is vital, the Labour Party inspires, among many who might support it, no confidence in its ability to make the important changes which are necessary. I think that the person who moves in political circles can have no conception of the lack of interest in Parliament outside those circles. And that lack of interest, with its extreme danger for Parliamentary institutions, springs in considerable measure from the demonstrated weakness of the two Labour Governments.

I can see no reason why the Labour Party should not *now* produce a plain statement of the changes which it proposes to effect in order to make the Parliamentary system work. All the facts are known and no Committee of Investigation appointed to produce a leisurely result by the next Labour administration is likely to formulate a better scheme than can be produced to-day. Apart from the question of House of Commons procedure, the position of the private member, and so on, there is such a problem as that of overworked Ministers, so full up with departmental duties that they have no time to think or plan. Is the Party ready immediately on taking office to deal with that situation? Would it, for example, use present Ministerial salaries as a pool to enable it to appoint some five or six senior Ministers with no departmental duties at all?

Again, has the Party even thought about the position of the

public services, national and local, highly important elements if a new commonwealth is to be built. At present the public service is recruited on substantially the basis of thirty years ago, and its upper grades, which seem to form a fairly close corporation, must, I imagine, find the old Jerusalem a comfortable enough habitation.

What is to be done about education? I wonder whether educational administration can safely be left, as it largely is, centrally and locally, in the control of men of a distinctly exclusive education and training, or whether there should not be a great extension of the area of selection?

I mention these points as illustrations. I shall go on supporting the Labour Party in the hope that it will produce clear, unmistakeable statements of its intentions, that it will pledge itself to behave differently from the other parties, that it will in future cut out the social swank that is wasteful and corrupting. Many of my class will, I fear, be less trusting. They might, perhaps, be influenced in the right direction if the intellectuals of the Left would, for a time, decide to expound the elements in their faith on which they find agreement instead of taking so obvious a joy in emphasising the superiority of their own "Open Sesames." STILL HOPEFUL

[We have received a number of similar letters.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE DISAFFECTION BILL

SIR,—Mr. Peverett's fears are (alas!) more than justified. If the Bill goes through in its present form there are few intelligent people who could not be prosecuted under its provisions.

As the publisher of English editions of the works of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels (issued by my predecessors more than fifty years ago) I am permanently in possession of "seditious" literature. As successor to the Swarthmore Press I issue much Quaker literature considered highly objectionable by army authorities. During the war the *possession* of these books did not render anyone liable to prosecution, but under this new Act I should at all times be liable to imprisonment, because they are always to be found on my premises.

We are told that the Act will be administered intelligently, that the powers will not be abused. But when are such Acts ever administered wisely, and what value can be attached to assurances given in Parliament by Ministers anxious to get their own way? It is claimed that the powers are needed to prevent seditious leaflets being given to soldiers and sailors and that serious literature will not be affected. But the Act draws no such distinctions, and in India, where similar powers have been taken, serious books published at 10*s.* 6*d.* and upwards are invariably seized by the Customs, and even in the bookshops, regardless of their scholarly character, if their authors have the remotest connection with Moscow or Bolshevism.

The more plausible the reasons given for the granting of these excessive powers, the more rapidly they seem to be used for the suppression of the freedom of the press.

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour!"

40 Museum St., W.C.1. STANLEY UNWIN

SIR,—Your correspondent last week inquires how a printer may protect himself against conviction and imprisonment for taking an order for books such as *Lay Down Your Arms*. If the Bill becomes law I do not see how he could protect himself. Further, his innocent possession of possibly this week's edition of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would be a criminal offence; for even some of the book advertisements might be likely to have a tendency to cause sedition. Certainly all members of the Oxford Union who have kept their order papers relating to the King and Country debate would be liable to imprisonment.

I have little doubt that this letter might be so held if it were desired by the police for some ulterior purpose to search my premises.

I hope that the "remnant" in this country which still believes in freedom of expression of opinion will use opposition to this Bill as a rallying point to oppose the gradual closing in upon our liberty which has been hitherto so subtle since the war.

4 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, AMBROSE E. APPELBE
W.C.2.

SIR,—A number of years ago I had three principal grievances: I was lousy and could get no bath; I had been without leave for a year; and I was not permitted to receive the copies of the *Nation* which in earlier years had kept alive in me the illusion that I could think. To-day my grievances are different from these; they include inability—financial and political—to subscribe to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; but I feel that the Government is doing its best, by means of the Sedition Bill, to remove this from my list of worries.

For I take it that you will not be so callous as to continue publication of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION after this Bill is passed. Unless you change the journal out of recognition your subscribers will one and all be liable to imprisonment under this legislation. You yourself will, by producing each issue, be committing an "act preparatory to an attempt" to alter a soldier's political views. You may perhaps face your own danger, with a cynical disregard for the law of the land; but you cannot face the prospect of endangering your innocent readers.

Before your journal closes down, I hope that you will do a last service to this free people by publishing an "Index" of the books that it will be unsafe to keep on one's shelves. I take it that history and economics will figure largely on this, since soldiers may not be led to realise that rulers are often weak puppets of the profiteers, and wars fought for motives rather less than patriotic. I myself (a Communist, with friends in the Air Force and acquaintances in the Army—all the "evidence" is against me) shall resolutely discard everything of this sort in my bookcases. But I am puzzled about "literature."

Shakespeare? His *Coriolanus* is sedition not far from here. Blake, Shelley, Byron—of course. Landor—I remember an epigram, on kings called George, that might seduce from allegiance. And art too: Daumier is dangerous, and Low's *Russian Sketch-book* as perversive in its letterpress as in its pictures. (The word "perversive" is not mine, in these matters, nor Edward Lear's; it is the Attorney-General's.)

And finally, I wonder if Lord Trenchard's new police will know how perversive are my legal text-books (relics of the days before I was expelled from membership of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple because I had been found guilty of dangerous thoughts). I fear I must part with the foundation-stone of English law, the Blackstone from which I have in the past quoted, not without pleasure, the words that describe the unconstitutional nature of His Majesty's present armed forces, "temporable excrescences bred out of the distemper of the State, and not any part of the permanent and perpetual laws of the Kingdom."

c/o *Daily Worker*, T. H. WINTRINGHAM
44 Tabernacle Street, E.C.4.

SIR,—It has for some time been my intention to edit a volume of speeches made during the last war by the present Prime Minister of this country, and to present copies to as many soldiers and sailors as possible.

Before embarking on so fatiguing an experiment it would be comforting to have an assurance that, in the very special circumstances, I should not incur penalties under the proposed Act.

Is the Bill really designed to prevent us from erecting such splendid memorials to the more illustrious of our professional politicians? PHILIP JORDAN

Savile Club,
69 Brook St., W.1.

THE KAKAMEGA GOLDFIELD

SIR,—Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in a speech at a luncheon of the East African Group of the Overseas League, on April 27th, is reported to have said, referring to the Kakamega Goldfield: "I say with absolute conviction and without fear of contradiction that nowhere else in the world would you find such good relations existing between Natives and Europeans."

I have in my possession a copy of the Memorandum sent by the North Kavirondo Association to the Secretary of State for the Colonies during his recent visit to Kenya. It is signed by the president, the secretary, and a member of the committee. This Memorandum states several specific instances of the terrible conditions under which the Kavirondo have suffered since the gold-hunters were allowed to occupy Kavirondo country. They include:

> The African workers at Kakamega make contracts for six months, and everyone gets Shgs. 10 per month. (A month means 30 working days of 9 hours each).
>
> When a worker is sick, owing to a piece of stone having fallen over his body, the days that he stays in hospital and Sundays are not counted.
>
> If a worker is visited by his friends at the mine quarters, the guests are liable to be arrested by European mine-owners, and cruelly flogged.

Chronic diseases have been introduced by gold diggers, and the Association is afraid that they will spread gonorrhea and syphilis among the inhabitants; consequently the Kavirondo tribe is faced with degenerative effects.

If a cow or a man falls into the pits and dies, the owner of the animal or the relatives of the dead man are given five shillings as compensation; the value of a cow is equal to that of a black man from the white man's point of view.

Many domestic animals have lost their lives through falling into the pits.

Sir, your Government has alienated our land at Kakamega to European gold diggers without compensation and without the consent of the Kavirondo tribe.

Our people were forced to make room for the European gold diggers and they were driven out from their lands. The Kenya Government told these unfortunate people to go away and seek a dwelling with their friends, in spite of the fact that the British Government had given Kenya Africans a pledge that their lands would never be alienated to Europeans any more. This promise was inserted in the Native Lands Trust Ordinance of 1930, which was amended in 1932 to suit the interests of the white man. The clauses have been deleted which maintained that if a piece of land is taken away by the Government, another piece of land equal in quality and extent would be found somewhere on the land alienated by the European and be given to the dispossessed African, and compensation in money, which is a white man's device, was introduced in the amendment.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies refused to meet the Kavirondo people, as he refused to meet the Masai Association, the Kikuyu Central Association and a Joint Select Committee, representing the whole Kikuyu community. These bodies were informed that the Secretary of State for the Colonies, visiting a colony consisting of less than 20,000 Europeans and 3,000,000 Africans, could not see his way to meet one African group, "owing to the shortage of time at his disposal."

These things the African has to bear. He has no means of redress at his disposal. Doubtless the Secretary of State for the Colonies is the best judge as to how his time in Kenya should have been spent; but the African community will learn with astonishment, mingled with resentment, that the Colonial Secretary can state "with absolute conviction" and "without fear of contradiction," that nowhere else in the world do such good relations exist as between the European mine-owners and the suffering Kakamega people.

Had Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister not refused to meet the representatives of the African communities, he would have been well informed of the African grievances; and would have avoided making such statements in public, proving that he saw only one side of the picture, that of furthering the interests of the Europeans.

95 Cambridge Street, S.W.1. J. KENYATTA,
General Secretary, Kikuyu Central Association

YELLOW SHIRTS

SIR,—So many shirts of different colours now adorn our public streets, that I am surprised a league of Yellow Shirts has not yet come into existence. I hope to fill this lacuna. The yellow shirt will be worn by all those who like a quiet life and consider it the first duty to themselves to keep out of a scrape, who instinctively avoid any large assembly of political enthusiasts and invariably obey the recommendations of the police.

Yellow, besides being the symbol of cowardice, one of the most admirable of all civic virtues, is a becoming colour in itself, and suits a variety of complexions, as well as going perfectly with a packet of Gold Flake. So splendid young fellows dressed in Yellow Shirts need feel at no sexual disadvantage compared with the patrons of more combative hues. Besides, many girls prefer a quiet steady man.

The annual subscription to the League of Yellow Shirts is the purely nominal one of 5s. a year. By this means I hope to get quite a lot of money out of quite poor people.

Will prospective members kindly enrol at the address below?

70 Elm Park Road, Chelsea, S.W. FRANCIS BIRRELL,
(Just round the corner from the Mosley headquarters.) Hon. Sec. Yellow Shirts

FRAU WALLISCH

SIR,—During a recent visit to Austria I attended the trial at Loeben of the widow of Kollman Wallisch, the executed Socialist leader. It was a tragic sight to see this unfortunate woman, crippled by the nervous shock of the past two months—she was imprisoned in the cell from which her husband was taken to be hanged—standing her trial for high treason. The charge was that she had given food to the rebels. The presiding judge was the commander of the troops against which her husband fought, and, in spite of defending counsel's objections, he insisted on taking the case. She was sentenced to a year's hard labour.

After an appeal to a higher court, the sentence was postponed until October so that she might receive medical treatment. I have just received a letter saying that she is now in a sanatorium in Graz and that the doctor expects it will be many months before there can be any real improvement in her condition. Her recovery is retarded by the knowledge that she has to face imprisonment with hard labour. Furthermore, she is in dire want, as her sole source of income is a minute widow's pension. Money is urgently needed not only for medical treatment and sanatorium expenses, but also to guarantee her the barest necessities of life. Contributions can be sent to the Treasurer of the Relief Committee of the Victims of Fascism, marked "Wallisch Fund," 1 Litchfield Street, W.C.2; or to me to 27 Victoria Square, S.W.1.

CARMEL HADEN GUEST

INJUSTICE TO WOMEN

SIR,—I should like to support the plea for justice expressed in your columns last week by Miss Clare and Miss L. A. Harvey. The petty insults and restrictions to which my sex is subjected in this country are intolerable. True we may vote, but who wants to? What is there to vote for? We may also have our own bank accounts and run up bills at shops, a privilege for which we cannot be too grateful. But in every other respect our position compares badly with that of women in the other civilised countries of Europe.

If we work we may not marry; married women are regarded as indelicate and undesirable phenomena. We must pay before we can fulfil the most natural functions. And in most London and provincial restaurants we may not drink anything stronger than ginger-beer unless "accompanied by a gentleman." The night before leaving for Italy in 1932 I went with two friends to a certain restaurant about 10 p.m. We ordered whisky. The waiter informed us that he could not serve us unless accompanied by a gentleman. I asked whom he suggested my picking-up for the purpose. Looking rather startled, he said he would serve us, but as a special favour and on condition that we did not look upon it as a precedent. I told him that, thank God, we were leaving the country next day.

In another restaurant I was once informed that I might not have a drink on this side of the room, but if I crossed to the other side I should be served! In very many one may order intoxicating drinks up to 8.30 p.m., but not after. And yet it is men, not women, who commonly look upon drunkenness as something virile and dashing. In Italy, where there is less talk about equality of the sexes, conveniences may be rare, but they are always (in my experience) free, women go less into cafés, but they are never received with anything but courtesy if they choose to go, and marriage does not cancel out ability and intellectual achievement.

Why all these restrictions? Is it not more than time that restaurant-proprietors, waiters, and the civic bodies responsible for choosing school-teachers and constructing public conveniences should realise that women too are human, with an equal right to consideration in the land into which they have the misfortune to be born? As regards the particular injustice to which the Misses Harvey refer, I suggest that it could easily be abolished if we organised an intensive anti-penny campaign by the simple method of always using the gutter, and going to gaol, if necessary, for our convictions.

FLORA GRIERSON

SIR,—Your correspondents on the subject of "injustice to women" cannot, one imagines, expect theoretical opposition, for in the terms of natural justice they are unanswerable. But they ignore the practical difficulty that mere removal of the urinal fee would give, not equality, but discrimination against men, while removal of all fees is at present sheer Utopianism. In short, the practical difficulty is that women have no *locus standi*.

My wife has a theory—though to me it seems, I confess, impractical in point of cost—that time-switches might provide a solution, the penny being recoverable within a stated time. No other mechanical device, at least, is freed from the element of trust, an element that does not easily pass a local council in a pure form. But your correspondents will do nobly if their indignation leads them to bring a higher and rarer quality into modern society, with the slogan: "Trust the Women of England." EQUALITY

[We have received a large number of letters on this subject. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

IN PRAISE OF OUTSIDERS

WHETHER you are so pronounced an individualist as to prefer your favourite authors and painters left alone, undisfigured with tag or label, or whether you are one of those who welcome the presence, in bold black and white, of the word *Romantic* or the word *Classic* upon the back of the art-article, it will be all one: for since to criticise is to classify classification of some sort you will get. Hence it is better, rather than to leave it to chance, to exact a descriptive label which has something to do with the goods. Yet what do we see to-day? The labelling is undertaken with little regard for the character of the contents. Even the artist, where he is at the same time a critic, is quite capable of slapping on the label himself—and, further (of course! we perhaps should add), the wrong one. And, again, our labels are disgracefully out of date; we do in these matters lag behind. We have not, like the politicians, renewed them. Indeed, it is as if Tory and Whig were still the only two terms available in a world in which patently there is no such thing as a "Tory" left (where in fact "Tory" can only survive as a mild term of abuse).

That, on the analogy of the political dichotomy of Left and Right, all intellectual activity can be separated into two main classes is, I believe, the case. And the nature of this division I will briefly indicate.

Almost any writer or painter—musician, architect or actor—can, from the word go, be observed to betray one of two main tendencies. He will be seen to have set about shaping things involuntarily—whatever medium he may have selected or found to his hand, either after a sharply defined, a starkly articulated fashion, on the one hand (or that is the ideal for this type of sensibility); or else upon a quite different—a little blurred and broken, a feebly silhouetted, much less concentrated and compact, less powerfully coloured fashion, on the other hand. The former will favour the hard shell of things—he will prefer the armour of the beetle or the turtle to the pneumatic and instable surface of human flesh. The latter will take as a duck to water to all that is fluid and yielding, misty and mysterious; and in the use of words, as in the use of pigments, this rule will hold good. For who can doubt that in the cradle the pallid and feathery path of a Corot—or the brazen, sharply bitten, boldly embossed, metallic Roman causeway of a Mantegna—is not already immutably fixed? Or, if it is in the literary art, then the great firmness perhaps, the dryness, alertness of a Stendhal, say; or, in sharp contrast to that, the narcotic cadences and nebulous evocations of drowsy personality, perceived through the veils of a deliberate chronological fog, of a Water Pater? Just as all Englishmen formerly were supposed to be born either "little Liberals" or "little Conservatives," similarly all artists, but at all times, have been subject to a like polarity. A "little Internalist," or a "little Externalist," is what we have at birth, in the case of the artistic intelligence—or, if you like, an Insider or an Outsider. You are that—either *Insider* or *Outsider*—for good and all when you come into the world, if you are born a Proust or a Balzac, a Rembrandt or a Breughel. (In these pairs of opposites, it is Balzac and Breughel who are the *outsiders* of course.) Externalist and Internalist are, as expressions, not surpassingly elegant; but they are perhaps the best to convey directly what is here intended. Classicist and Romanticist is a far nicer terminology certainly; but then you become entangled at once in all the historic confusions which accompany the use of those controversial terms. So *faute de mieux*, and as a first step towards purging our critical vocabulary of such historical confusions, let us make use of these romantic expressions. And let us, in this article, prepare the praises of the *outside* point of view—for it is to-day exceedingly neglected, and the children of an external and objective vision are outsiders in more senses than one; they are compelled even to masquerade as natives of the "dark Within," if they are not to offend the susceptibilities of their fanatically in-growing contemporaries.

But, of course, a "little Liberal" might quite well have a wicked Tory streak—or a "little Conservative" conceal Radical proclivities. The Classical man, or the Romantic man, likewise will not be, quite through and through, unadulterated romance, or opaque and incorruptible classicism. That is not to be expected. All the same, just as undeniably there is such a thing as the plainsman and the highlander, existing as well-marked, unmistakeable, human types, so the Internal puts its mark upon one man, and the External imposes its more robust characteristics upon another man; so that you cannot, in a fairly pure specimen, mistake the region to which the man in question essentially belongs.

But to resort to contemporary illustrations—D. H. Lawrence was plainly an "internalist" of an almost pathologic intensity—a man very much of the "dark Within," but one who rather oddly gathered his material from the sunlit Without, and then carried it, gnashing his teeth and in a blind rush, into his hot and stuffy cave, to cook it up, for the strange carnivore within, into a sickly stew.

To match this champion of the mystical emotions. Mr. Ernest Hemingway is, indeed, *heroically* superficial, except, of course, for that Stein-song that he croons to himself always! For the External World he, at all events, does surely stand. At his best, he has a better claim to be a writer of a "classic" temper than any I can think of.

I will not accumulate instances: these two representative men will suffice. Neither of them are perfect of their kind, for Lawrence is too deliberate a suppliant of his intestines; his phantasias of the Unconscious have too much of the cold-blooded Powder-play about them—they are too *conscious*. Whereas the author of *In Our Time*, for all his gum-chewing sang-froid, is not *perfectly* cold; he has the jazz neurosis bottled up in his he-man veins somewhere. But within the framework of these qualifications, and remembering that *we*

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are all romantics to-day, it is the obtuse surface-mind, and the perambulatory shell, distinct and tangible, in which in the mass we act our parts in all good faith, and without peeping behind the curtain at our backs, that Hemingway exploits, with a consummate craft. His people accept everything at its face value, their's are the public values of the life-outside-of-oneself. And, while we read, he really succeeds in convincing us that he has never thought at all. That is a truly "classical" achievement. Was it not that *emptiness*, of the placid visages of periclean statues, which for long passed with us, or our forefathers, for the essence of the "classic" spirit? WYNDHAM LEWIS

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE

THE play is now presented by Sir Reginald Rowe and the Sadler's Wells Society in aid of their building debt. It was first performed in November, 1905, at the Court Theatre, under the Vedrenne-Barker direction, and again at the same theatre in February, 1906. Thirty years have passed. During those thirty years there has been no theatrical management as creative, stimulating and consistent as that of the Court Theatre between October, 1904, and June, 1907. During those two years and nine months Mr. Granville-Barker produced thirty-two plays by seventeen dramatists and gave 946 performances. Bernard Shaw contributed eleven plays and among the other dramatists performed were Galsworthy (*The Silver Box*), Euripides, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Yeats, Masefield, Maeterlinck. You can imagine what the Court Theatre meant to us. The Vedrenne-Barker management was as important and exciting an achievement in English dramatic production as the Théâtre Libre under M. Antoine in 1887. He, too, began acting before small audiences of enthusiasts and scoffers, plays which sometimes only ran for three nights. At the Court Theatre we were delighted by acting unlit by "a star" which was obviously and incomparably the better for that, and saw plays which were either rooted in the most lively interests of the moment, or were the fruit of poetic imagination. People began to say that London must be full of actors and actresses of unusual talent capable of constructing character by a hundred little touches of imagination, but of whom nobody had heard. Yet strange to say, these actors when they appeared in other plays and on other boards sank again to normal insignificance. The truth was that the acting at the Court Theatre which was so much admired was the result of a method of production which was carried out with the most careful consistency. What a lot of hope there was in the air! Why, we asked ourselves, should we not have permanently a London theatre where the acting was remarkable and where we could be sure of seeing not only masterpieces but experiments and provocative plays of the moment? Mr. Granville-Barker moved to the Savoy and attempted to found there a Repertory Theatre. But the public did not support him. The rich are fond of the theatre, but to most of them a play is a form of hospitality. They do not dislike what is good, but they enjoy what is inferior as much. Does a performance distract, is it bright? If so, they are satisfied. The stalls do not discriminate and the fashion of discussing the art of acting (criticism has deteriorated into exclamations) has disappeared.

If you want to recapture the spirit of the Court Theatre go to Sadler's Wells. You will spend an interesting evening and one which will enable you to see contemporary drama in perspective. The first thing which will strike you in *The Voysey Inheritance* is the solidity of its construction, its thoroughness. The entertaining play of to-day is a flimsy cobwebby thing compared with it. It is packed with hints, revelations of character, and implied criticism of current morality and manners. It is profoundly serious and yet it is most amusing. But there are no jokes in it which merely enliven the dialogue. No one gets a laugh by throwing a cup of tea at someone else's head, or by making a snappy remark about love or eggs. The humour lies deeply imbedded in character, and the comedy in the incomplete self-awareness of the characters. The things they say amuse us because the characters are presented in such a way that we know them while they only know one aspect of themselves. At the same time the dramatist is scrupulously fair to human nature. Sympathetic fairness is exceedingly difficult to combine with the accentuation of character and situation essential to comedy; and that comedic and moral asceticism which is the fine flavour of Mr. Granville-Barker's drama is so unfamiliar to modern palates that it may be dismissed by some as "out of date." If it is really out of date, and not merely unfamiliar, civilisation is in a bad way, but I do not think it is. I am convinced that the dramatist's self-control in drawing Edward Voysey as a tortured hero will not escape the intelligent to-day. That the robust amoral point of view of old Voysey, his father, should be instantly appreciated by a modern audience is a matter of course. We have been thoroughly trained to accept the self-justified swindler as a good joke and a good fellow. But the kernel of the play requires rather more steady attention than a hearty cynicism can supply. Edward's quandary, Edward's integrity, Edward's unromantic courage, Edward's weakness and unimpressive delicacy are the points which require some attention. The reward is considerable.

The Voysey Inheritance is a play written round a single situation sustained for five acts. In the first scene that situation is stated—with a bang. Mr. Voysey, the father of a large family, has speculated all his life with the sums entrusted to his care as a solicitor; at first to make up the defalcations of his father, but afterwards, so it turns out, because he could not resist the temptation to grow rich. At the opening of the play he is in arrears again, owing to some unfortunate speculations; and on admitting his son Edward into the partnership he reveals the firm's secret. It is, he says, "the Voysey Inheritance," and he adds that strangely enough it has been the cause of his happiness, for after years of keeping his courage to the sticking place he enjoys exhilaration and a sense of power from feeling under his feet the thinness of the crust on which his prosperous home is built. He is an admirable study. He was played by Mr. Felix Aylmer with a dry, slightly acid composure which was exactly right. One of the remarkable aspects of the play's construction is the manner in which the ghost of old Mr. Voysey dominates the situation after his death. It is only gradually that we get to know him. Again and again, there seems a deeper bottom to his duplicity. Edward is profoundly shocked and troubled. But when his father suddenly dies he takes up "the Voysey Inheritance" and continues to speculate with the clients' money to refund those who would feel the loss most. By taking this decision he wins the regard of a girl he had long wanted to marry. She understands his suffering, but exhorts him to be a man and go through with it, and to risk the money of the rich in order at least to pay back the poor. He does not, however, inspire the same confidence as his robust father, and when old Mr. Booth comes to the office to demand back his securities, Edward tells him everything; he is too sick of the whole business to care much what happens. Booth threatens to prosecute if he is not paid back before the others, a condition which would prevent Edward refunding the money to those who have far less than old Booth. He refuses—and the matter is dropped. That is the situation.

What has the dramatist made out of it emotionally? He has used it as a means of exhibiting human nature. Many good things are based on moral fraud. Perhaps also this is one implication—modern civilisation itself. We are, in a sense, victims of "a Voysey Inheritance." Edward's quandary has something in common with that of those who profit by Capitalism. What can we do? We can only, like Edward, tell no lies at any rate to ourselves, carry on, and slowly try to right the more glaringly unjust consequences of our inheritance. But this idea is far away in the background of the play. In the foreground is the misery and anxiety of Edward himself and the reactions of his relations and clients. The scene of the mourners gathered round the dining-room table

is masterly, when the contents of the will are divulged and Edward tells them the truth. Note that though the Voysey sons and daughters are each strongly marked characters, the Major with his hectoring self-complacency, the young artist Hugh, who longs to escape from respectability, the cynical barrister, Trenchard, who has at any rate escaped from the home, the arch just-engaged youngest daughter, the eldest daughter, Honor, who has withered on the stalk into " mother's right hand," and placid old Mrs. Voysey herself—they are all also unmistakably members of one group willy-nilly held together by self-interest and habits. I have no space in which to praise the orchestration of these comically clashing voices or the admirable gestures of the actors, or the prosperous middle-class atmosphere which is so skilfully created by numberless small touches. I must concentrate on Edward and Alice Maitland. Miss Beatrix Thomson, though she was not the type best suited to it, acted that difficult part with real discrimination and due restraint. Alice is an Egeria, a superior young woman, strongly marked with the self-consciousness of her upbringing. She has to say things which have a tincture of archness like, " Why have you left off proposing to me, Edward ? " ; and yet the emotional tension between the two lovers is too serious to permit of archness. It is only on the surface. We are watching a love-relation develop between two highly self-conscious human beings, cautiously sincere and undemonstrative. It is genuine love. They acted beautifully their final scene, which ends in a hug (*not* a passionate embrace) which expresses far more movingly a profound loyalty to each other in the face of a future which may hold disgrace for both and imprisonment for him ; though there is just a chance that Edward may weather through by calling his clients together. Edward is a young man whose intellectual honesty has made him diffident in every relation and especially shy towards Alice, who has felt in him hitherto not priggishness exactly, but perhaps a too scrupulous regard for his own integrity and a lack of spontaneity. He is the sort of young man who cannot bear to exaggerate his emotions, or even to do them justice in words. It was this quality which Mr. Maurice Evans's acting brought out so admirably : the suffering of the diffidently honourable man ; the affectionate unselfishness of self-conscious youth ; the pride of the shy. The moment when Edward resolves to throw his principles overboard Mr. Evans played with a most moving vehemence. After that, in the scene, for instance, in which he refuses hush money to the firm's confidential clerk, he conveyed admirably the strain of having to behave in a manner utterly unlike himself, and at last the relief of finding that he has not to bear it any more, at any rate, alone.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE ROYAL ACADEMY : BLOODY, BUT UNBOWED

THE Royal Academicians have found it expedient, since the war, to rake in a few incongruous spirits. It was beginning to be so difficult to explain the exclusion of certain crazies who, in the national collection on the Embankment, seemed to be accorded so much more deference than themselves. How bitter a thing it was to have been compelled to approach men whom they had derided and condemned during so many years we shall never know, but an increasingly informed, and consequently uneasy, public had to be soothed. Advertised, therefore, and, as they trust, protected by a dozen canvases prised from the studios of preoccupied genius, they are still enabled to expose the endless succession of their dowdy wares.

Messrs. John and Sickert, relishing, possibly, their role as decoys a little less each year, have only contributed three pictures between them, and these not quite of their best. The John, No. 3, of Major Douglas, is imposing, but cursory. Of Mr. Sickert's two, the superior is his somewhat intimidating portrait of Sir James Dunn. Though the paint on the body has almost disappeared, the blue retains that inimitable

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luminosity which is a characteristic of our greatest colourist. Like certain plants, his pictures are always discouraging to their neighbours: in this case the vegetation is destroyed for yards. Among the sculpture, Mr. Epstein's help has been solicited for the first time, and for those of us who can only feel dismay in front of such things as *Nymphs and Shepherds*, *Come Away*, in earthenware, and *Christ Rebuking the Disciples*, in ivory, it seems not a moment too soon. His head of Einstein, bought by the Chantry Bequest, is an admirable example of his talent for portraiture. Sculpture is beginning to assume, and I believe healthily, a less instantaneous quality than is inevitably present in Mr. Epstein's work when it is good: but no one can deny his gift, even if they qualify it as one which, of its very nature, must limit him to the achievement of the part, rather than the whole.

All things considered, however, it is—and how ironically no one can say—Mr. Stanley Spencer's Academy. With such a splendid commotion as his six pictures will make, the money-changing will be able to continue in the temple, for this year, all unquestioned. He, like Messrs. John and Sickert, is capable of finer work than any that he is exhibiting, with the exception, possibly, of *Villagers and Saints*, No. 626. This is not mainly disciplinary, as is *The Angel, Cookham Church*, nor faintly popularised, as is *Souvenir of Switzerland*. It has his full, familiar and uncompromising vision. A white and grey composition, of bulky, haunting figures, with pebbles in the foreground and an explosion of bottles to the left, it is a picture which the contemporary theorist might label "literary." The time will come, nevertheless, when it will be realised that it is in such pictures as this that "pure form," that miserable bugbear, has been accomplished to as great a degree as it ever has been or ever can be. For "pure form" is pure nonsense. Simply put, there are many estimable painters who comment on *the* world, and there are a few better ones who create *a* world. There are the artists who see the beguiling accidentals of the flesh, and there are the geniuses, such as Mr. Spencer, who see through them, to the life of the soul. In the Notice to Artists at the beginning of the Academy catalogue we find, among "Works Inadmissible," "No mere transcripts of the objects of Natural History." If this rule were to be observed, it would, of course, practically empty Burlington House, but Mr. Spencer is the only contributor against whom no shadow of an accusation on this count can be made. His pictures are wholes; they have their own complete reality. He does not transcribe, like Mr. Kelly with his professors, and he does not transform, like Mr. Sickert. He transcends.

In one corner of Gallery IV is concealed an Academy object-lesson. A portrait by Sir John Lavery hangs between one by Mr. Henry Lamb, and another by Mr. Harrington Mann. The Lamb, one of those pervaded by that odd aroma of khaki in which this painter sometimes indulges, is richly alive. Turning from it to the Mann, one perceives an emotional thinness, a lack of impetus. Agreeable in colour, and in excellent "taste," craft is superseding feeling. At the same time, it remains comprehensible; inert, it remains itself. It has not yet begun to decompose. When one compares, on the other hand, the Lavery with the Lamb, the former simply shrivels away. It is as if the strong warmth of its neighbour were melting it, like tinfoil in the fire. One's last impression is of a fervent, yet distracted brush that flew, to no ascertainable purpose, in all directions at once.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the excellent Orpen of Sir Eric Drummond, a work actually executed by Mr. Simon Elwes, and also that there is in this Academy the first Royal Portrait of modern times that has not been painted with brilliantine. It is by Miss Cathleen Mann, and though she is plainly over-anxious, and, as a result, over-subtle, in the application of her paint—so much so that there are passages in which one can scarcely see the cloth for the crumbs, so to speak—her portrait is the product of a sensitive and serious artist.

BRIAN HOWARD

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Biography"

Miss Ina Claire's ebullient charm is enough, and more than enough, to keep the Globe audience enchanted and amused with *Biography*. Here is an actress who has, besides her many natural assets, a cultivated range of tone and expression such as would put to shame most players on this side of the Atlantic. She knows exactly the difference between sparkle and glitter, and she can lapse into dignity or womanly sympathy of the requisite quality without hinting an incongruity. For those of us who remember S. N. Behrman's earlier play, *The Second Man*, there are disappointments in the evening. *Biography* is a good surface-play, but the characterisation is curiously hollow save for that of Marion Froude (which in any case is Miss Claire's affair). The earnest young journalist who tries to persuade her to write her scandalous memoirs has a Laurentian hatred of the social order which would quite certainly have lost him his job long before he met her. The uplift and sentimentality of Leander Nolan, the prospective Senator who is terrified lest his early indiscretion should be revealed, is more probable, but much more familiar. And both of them are amazingly articulate. This last challenge to verisimilitude, incidentally, would probably be far less obvious if Messrs. Frank Cellier and Laurence Olivier were American. Mr. Sam Livesey triumphantly surmounts all obstacles by giving one of his gorgeous and swelling caricatures of a magnate—one almost writes it with a capital. He breathes and moves in eupeptic opulence, a demigod before whom Nira would be as naught.

"She Loves Me Not"

The elaborate new show at the Adelphi, largely American in design and execution, is a great many things at once. Comedy, melodrama, sweet romance and knockabout farce are only a few of its elements, and there is nothing to weld them together except a general noise and alacrity. The stage is divided into six compartments throughout, but luckily the cast refrains from talking in more than two compartments at a time. This is more than enough however, for the speed is breakneck and the slang formid-

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able. Competition with the films is evidently the idea. There is a satire on the making of a film star, where the knockabout is conspicuous, which goes a long way towards galvanising the whole into a tolerable if bewildering entertainment. Towards the end the stage becomes inadequate to hold it all, and a real film takes up the story for a few minutes. This film, besides being amusing in itself, shows to occupants of back seats the facial characteristic of actors they have been watching, which in this case is not a disadvantage. Films have provided the matter (cabaret dancers, racketeers, college boys in their native haunts) as well as the manner, and it is often difficult to determine whether it is satire or straight competition is the intention.

In Aid of German Refugee Students

At Bedford College, Regent's Park, last week students of the Albert Hall School of Dramatic Art gave two performances of Arthur Macrae's *Flat to Let*, the entire proceeds being given to the Relief Fund for Refugee Students from Germany. It is an unpretentious and consistently amusing play that ran at the Criterion a year or so ago. In spite of difficulties of space and lighting the Bedford College performances went well, and there were excellent studies by Elizabeth Jones in Lilian Braithwaite's part, Sylvia Miller as the servant and James de la Mare as the diffident Lord Java. The hall was full and the audience enthusiastic.

The Film Society

The Will of Dr. Mabuse, the Film Society's latest choice, is stiff-going for those whose conversational German is not all one might wish. The plot is extremely complicated, and often impossible to follow if one misses a sentence or two of the dialogue. On the other hand, it is intellectual to the last degree, very well photographed, and never melodramatic in the bad sense. This, perhaps, is the weakness of the picture. Edgar Wallace has a Hollywood rather than a Berlin mind; and thrillers are perhaps better suited to the technique of Hollywood. I feel I should have preferred *City Lights* to *Dr. Mabuse*, even if I had been able to follow the plot.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 11th—
- A Week-end Course on "The Village," Bonar Law College, Ashridge, Berkhamsted.
- "All's Over Then?" Comedy Theatre.
- "Miss Agna Enters," Ambassadors Theatre.
- London Festival, B.B.C. Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Schwanda," Covent Garden, 8.30.

SUNDAY, May 13th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Sense of Sin," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, May 14th—
- "Le Loup-Garou," Everyman Cinema Theatre.
- Meeting on "The Sedition Bill," Caxton Hall, 8.
- "The City of Ships," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, May 15th—
- Donald O. Soper on "Peace and the Churches' Opportunity," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Mock Trial on "Holding a Distorting Mirror Up to Nature," Prosecutor: Mr. Philip Guedalla. Defendants: Mr. Basil Dean, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Miss Constance Cummings and others, London School of Economics, 5.15.
- First Public Meeting of H. G. Wells Society. Speeches by Sylvia Pankhurst, Olaf Stapledon and Gerald Heard, Caxton Hall, 8.
- Public Meeting in aid of the victims of the Indian Earthquake. Speeches by Dr. Maude Royden, Hannen Swaffer, and others. Conway Hall, 8.
- Mr. S. S. Baker on "The Conservative Case for Political and Social Reconstruction," Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, 8.
- Production of "The Dumb Maid," by a company of unemployed actors and musicians, Fortune Theatre.
- Ballet Season, Mercury Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 16th—
- "Siegfried," Covent Garden, 5.45.

THURSDAY, May 17th—
- Royal Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament, Olympia.
- Meeting organised by the Teachers' Anti-War Movement. Speaker: Wickham Steed. Essex Hall, Strand, 7.
- Meeting Against Persecutions in Germany and Austria for the relief of the Victims. Speeches by the Grand Rabbi Jona Frankel, Mlle. Ella Frankel. Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Naomi Mitchison and others, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

AMONG the scores of biographies published in the last three or four years there may have been some lives of the first men to fly, but I have not come across them or heard them spoken of. Yet the work of these pioneers is extremely interesting and they themselves have a fascination which one cannot feel for the well-found, well-advertised pilots of to-day. If they have not been written about the reason is fairly obvious: that the literary men who write biographies rarely possess any knowledge of mechanics or engineering and understand even less of the problems of aerodynamics than the early inventors of flying machines did themselves. It is therefore fortunate that Mr. Dallas Brett, himself a pilot and until recently the secretary of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, should have compiled an encyclopaedic *History of British Aviation* (1908–1914) (John Hamilton, 21s.), a volume all the more exciting for being a record of facts provided with pages of tabulated statistics. It is most emphatically a book of general interest and not merely for people whose hobby is flying. The whole story of the discovery of flying is wonderful—but there is something which holds sensitive people back from feeling its fascination without their even knowing what inhibits their interest. Mr. Brett hints at the reason in his preface:

> The War dealt practical aviation a blow which knocked it senseless for eleven years, and it was not until 1925 that consciousness returned and people began to take up flying again, on aeroplanes which had much the same performance as those in use in 1914. As early as 1913 we had a two-seater light aeroplane, the Sopwith Tabloid, which would cruise at eighty-five m.p.h. and land at 37 m.p.h.; a better performance than that of the original de Havilland Moth.

This, incidentally, is an extremely partial statement, since in 1914 engines were low-powered, vicious and unreliable, and it was the war which produced the safe engine. If "practical aviation" was really knocked sideways the blow, I fancy, was largely psychological. The great pilots of the war lived and died in a nightmare, and it was impossible for men whose minds were full of memories of friends and enemies being shot down in flames to recapture the gay enthusiasm and idealistic courage of the pioneers. It was that happiness of conquering a new element which the war knocked sideways showing men had dared so much only to discover a new way of killing. To catch the flavour of the early days is hard even for the men who most clearly remember them. It is not simply that before the war people alive to-day were younger and more foolish, or that older conventions were more formidably established; the great difference was that the Moloch standards of brute force, now inevitably and wearily accepted almost everywhere, had not been imposed upon mankind. Blind killing and massacre seemed impossible, and even the most fire-eating militarists had a pre-lapsarian innocence; the old tigers were vegetarian, or had only devoured a black man, or a Boer, secretly in some far corner. The lack of blood-guilt was why everything was so delightful, and "the conquest of the air," like other scientific discoveries, seemed to be bringing that golden age nearer, that age of which Wells failed as the prophet only because he was not the poet Shelley as well as being himself. Courage was wholly beautiful then, without salt bitterness, and Mr. Brett's book is packed with examples. Here, for instance, is Mr. Gordon England:

> He volunteered to act in the capacity of live load for José Weiss, when the latter was conducting his experiments with gliders. England's part was to sit in the glider whilst it was shot forward over a precipice. No controls were provided, so that he could do nothing to influence events subsequent to the launch; his but to reason why, and to make notes of the machine's behaviour and his own sensations until such time as the apparatus returned to earth of its own volition and in its own manner.

It was Mr. Gordon England who flew off without discovering that a mechanic had lashed the elevator control wires immovably together, and only discovered something was wrong when he tried to flatten out to land. And it was he who volunteered to test a machine called "the flying saucer," in plan like the letter Φ, with an ordinary fuselage lying across an annular wing. It travelled "very fast indeed," but "was in difficulties almost at once," turning upside down and falling across telegraph wires. Such incidents thickly besprinkle the pages of the *History of British Aviation*. The extraordinary thing is how few pilots were killed. At the Lanark meeting in 1910 nobody was hurt, but 270 trees had to be felled to retrieve aeroplanes which had nested in them.

* * *

Mr. Brett, though he tries to stick to British aviation, has naturally a good deal to say of the early French pioneers—for practical flying began in France almost independently of the Wrights. Oddly enough, the Farman Brothers, though all their work was done in France, were English. The outstanding position of France is revealed in the statistics of pilots who had taken out licences by 1911. The first three countries being France, 500; Germany, 135; Great Britain, 110; while the U.S.A. was sixth in the list with 35 pilots, of whom no less than 12, or 34 per cent., had been killed:

> Terrible figures accounted for partly by the inherent unsoundness of the design and construction of the Wright biplanes, with which most of the American aviators were equipped, and partly by the craving of the American crowds for dangerous stunt exhibitions.

In the same period only 5.4 per cent. of the French pilots had been killed. The backwardness of the Americans is further revealed by the successes of English pilots flying in America. Yet one of the most interesting of the pioneers in England was the American, Colonel S. F. Cody, who had taught himself to fly in 1909 on "the British Army Aeroplane," an extraordinary medley of wires and bamboo poles which he had constructed with enthusiasts in the balloon section.

> He knew nothing of aerodynamics and cared less. Never had there been a more remarkable instance of a man attaining considerable success by pure trial and error whilst remaining in profound ignorance of what he was doing. It was this persistent disregard for theoretical knowledge which caused Cody to lose the place which he had won for himself at the outset. He continued to produce aeroplanes by guesswork long after other constructors had mastered the elements of aerodynamics and to use materials which had long since been condemned as dangerous and impractical.

Yet after he had removed "a number of supplementary surfaces" he was able to get his "cathedral" to fly, and, thanks to a very fine engine, completed a circuit of Britain. He was killed when a bamboo pole broke in the air and he was thrown out, as he did not strap himself in. The dislike of wearing a safety belt led to an astonishing number of deaths.

* * *

The misconceptions as to what happened when an aeroplane flew, and why it flew, are laughable and astounding. A report of the 1911 aero show in *Flight* commented upon streamline struts and said:

> If the wind is not blowing in the line of flight, the axes of streamline forms on the machine will be more or less athwart the relative wind.

Another writer suggested that a lead plummet should be suspended to windward from the aircraft and that its divergence from the vertical would indicate the force and direction of the wind. As Mr. Brett says:

> It took many years for those in close daily association with aeroplanes to grasp the elementary fact that wind has no effect whatever upon an aircraft in the air, if the ground be left out of consideration. Some people, including a number of pilots, are still ignorant of this fundamental principle of mechanical flight.

It was thus that one of the last things to be universally learned was the safe upwind three-point landing of to-day. Dozens of the early pilots wrecked their machines by making down-wind and cross-wind landings.

Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland was the first to stress the necessity of taking off and landing up-wind, of flying at a safe height of a thousand feet, and of gliding fast, and to give instructions for making a three-point landing. Hamel had also mastered these points early on the Bleriot, and it is interesting to compare his book, published in 1914, with Mr. Brett's. DAVID GARNETT

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THE LITTLE RED UMBRELLA

WALTER BELLAMY invented profound, far-reaching, explanations for everything. He could not accept the ordinary. When his sister Irene made up her mind, at thirty-five, to take what she could in marrying a retired grain-merchant of fifty-seven, he came to the conclusion that she was accepting this ungainly fellow as an infliction, a castigation, for a forgotten love affair which he imagined weighed on her mind. He could not suppose she felt passion for the swelled-out, grey-haired Owen Edwards whom he disliked.

He spoke out against the marriage.

"He's a rotten fellow."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he has a vile temper. You'll find out."

"You leave us alone—we'll be all right. You've never been married yourself, have you? Well then, you don't know what you're talking about . . ." Irene shouted angrily.

No, Walter had never been married, never even thought about it, and he was getting on for forty. He worked his mother's farm and one of his own. The neighbours called him "Sir Walter"; said he was hard to please. He used to get up at four in the morning and work all day with a kind of mechanical energy. He always wore drab cord breeches, a dirty, greasy rain coat, a neck cloth and mahogany-coloured leggings. He straddled in his walk, casting penetrating glances from his blue eyes. Irene married Owen Edwards, and having done so began almost at once to find there was some truth in Walter's denunciation. Her husband certainly was sullen in disposition, and prone to take offence. Usually he was quiet, but he had fits of violence when he would break china, hit their child, and go off chewing his cheeks with rage. Their life together was turbulent. She was not aware that he found his fatness terribly embarrassing. Yet he did.

Five years passed: Walter sent Irene letters. . . . presents . . . but he never once went to see her. He had never set foot in her house. She used to go over to the farm often.

"You'd be surprised how few friends Owen has," he heard her saying to their mother who was putting some eggs into a basket for her. The mother nodded and spoke absently as she counted in her mind: "It's a pity. How's your neuralgia?"

"Oh, it's awful in the morning sometimes," Irene sighed, her eyes wandering from the flypapers in the window to the hot yard outside. She saw Walter had put up an awning of sacks over the ferret house.

The mother carefully tucked a folded newspaper over the eggs. As Irene went out carrying the basket, Walter followed her. The sun blazed on her faded cheeks, her wrinkled forehead, and her hair, too, was turning grey. He was going bald. . . .What did he want to say to her?

Instead of speaking what was in his mind, he put something into her hand: it was a miniature red silk sunshade finished with a knotted fringe, a fascinating little toy with an imitation amber handle which he had bought from the market for his little niece. He stood in the porch leaning against the woodwork, his cap shading his eyes. Irene put up the parasol; she twirled it in her hand smiling at it vaguely. Then remembering she must go, she said: "Good-bye, Walter."

"If you wait half an hour I'll drive you in with the milk," he offered, beginning to roll down his shirt sleeves. As he smiled he displayed broken teeth like an ageing animal's. His face was almost a pattern of deep furrows, as if he had held it stiff in a resolute frown against heat and cold.

Irene said she would wait. Walter sometimes drove her to Salus station with the milk and she walked the half-mile home.

By and by he called her and they drove away beneath the dark green stirless elms, the trailer behind them rattling and jingling with milk cans.

All at once she began: "Do you know you're called a hypocrite?"

"And how am I a hypocrite?"

"I didn't call you one. . . ."

"A hypocrite's a simple thing," he said.

As she was getting out at the station she exclaimed:

"I've left the sunshade behind!"

"Eh?"

"The sunshade—the little red umbrella!"

"Oh, that doesn't matter; you can fetch it next time," he answered, handing her the basket of eggs.

The porters were rolling the cans along the platform on the rims. They were going to Tricester.

Irene walked in the direction of the town, screwing up her eyes against the sun. A goods train, clanking and unwieldy, entered the station, grey trucks with whitish letters on them unwinding behind machinery on a siding. Her shoes were dusty, her feet red hot. Edwards had called her brother a hypocrite. He could not keep his tongue off her family, nor his mind off his increasing fat.

Irene defended her people. The next day Edwards lost his temper again. He threatened to go away.

"Since they're so perfect, go back to them. I should have thought you'd have been happier here than in a scullery washing up separators and scalding your hands. But if you prefer your mother and that hypocritical pye brother to your husband and child, then go to them!"

But he could not leave it at that.

"No!" he cried, forgetting the absurd figure he must cut—a fat man in a rage—"I don't even ask that. I'll be the one to go."

He sat down trembling in a chair and hid his round grey head behind the newspaper. He had so many thoughts, his interests were so wide, why could he not express them instead of ranting, rowing, making a fool of himself? Why could he not share them. He fixed his eyes in a heavy gaze on the ends of his feet in furrowed leather slippers which he could just see over the rim of his stomach. Suppose that ever-widening rim should end by becoming his horizon? He was in danger of it.

The flies buzzed close under the ceiling. The weather was close, sickly hot. Edwards dozed, the paper slipped down upon his knees.

When he opened his eyes he saw his daughter kneeling on a chair and leaning over the table. Her head was on one side, her hair flowed over her arm. She was drawing. He got up from his chair and, moved by a suspicion, looked at her drawings. They were himself . . . horrible degrading little scribbles, balloon-like shapes outlined in lead! He bit the insides of his cheeks, then snatching the pencil from Ida's fingers, broke it and threw the pieces out of the window. Ida's bandy legs trembled in their cotton socks. What was wrong in drawing a loaf? She did not understand her father's angry mutters: "No respect for me. . . ."

"That's rude!" he said aloud, leaving the room with a flushed forehead, red to the hairy ears. He went upstairs and put on his grey flannel suit to go into the town. He brushed his moustache, he looked into the glass where he seemed to see Ida's horrible outlines.

In the town he was stifled with boredom. Everybody was

too hot to talk. And he saw Walter Bellamy turn into the George, straddling, still wearing his greasy rain coat, his mahogany-coloured leggings.

And returning to his house half an hour later, the first things he caught sight of as he walked down the gravel path were the back of that coat, the sturdy outline of those leggings, at the front door.

Hearing the steps of Irene's husband, Walter turned and smiled stiffly. Then suddenly, as if mad, he lifted the hand in which he was holding the little red umbrella, and opening it raised it above his head. Beneath it, his faded eyes scanned Edwards with desperate absurdity, his shoulders appeared like a giant's. And Edwards, to his astonishment, burst out laughing, in stabbing gusts as though he were unused to it, and it hurt his ribs. He held his hands to his sides. Walter flourished the toy: through the minds of both flashed the word "hypocrite." But, nevertheless, they continued, the one to smile and the other to laugh. MARGIAD EVANS

THE GREAT VIRTUOSO

Liszt. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

The number of books on Wagner is, I believe, exceeded only by the number on Our Saviour, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the late Queen Victoria. The number of books on his great contemporary, Liszt, is so few that Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell can rightly claim that his is the first full-length study in English. A whole book might be written round this curious disparity, but in a brief review it is only possible to draw attention to one or two of the outstanding causes, musical and social. Liszt's music, or, to be more precise, such of Liszt's music as is known to the public, is curiously antipathetic to the English temperament. The average Englishman dislikes floridity as much as he dislikes rhetoric, and it is only the more florid and rhetorical Liszt that is ever heard in the concert hall. The average pianist knows nothing of Liszt beyond a few of the less interesting rhapsodies and *études* which he dashes off with perfunctory brilliance at the end of a recital when the critics are gone. Were Liszt's piano works known as a whole it would be realised that their essential quality lies not so much in their *remplissage* as in their line. Liszt, for all his harmonic discoveries, was, like Berlioz, an essentially linear composer and in his strange later pieces such as the *Valses Oubliées*, *La Lugubre Gondole*, *Sunt Lacrimae Rerum*, the *Funeral March for the Emperor Maximilien*, and many others, this line is expressed with an intensity and an economy of notes worthy of Debussy.

Liszt was admittedly the most unequal of composers—his lesser works are in every way inferior to Wagner, while his greatest achievements have to my mind a far more subtle and profound imaginative power. Like Mephistopheles, he was alternately a figure from a fancy dress ball and the Prince of Darkness himself. Moreover, he was as unexpected as he was unequal. It is perfectly reasonable that the composer who produced the immature *Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser* should have eventually produced *Götterdämmerung* and *Parsifal*; but it is really surprising that the composer who wrote the *Grand Galop Chromatique* should have written the later *Années de Pèlerinage*, that the author of the *Consolations* should also have written the *Mephisto Waltzes*.

Wagner's output though large is easily apprehensible as a whole. There is room on every shelf (as the saying goes) for those ten impressive volumes whose sombre uniformity symbolises their author's singleness of purpose. Whatever was outwardly occupying his mind—debts, philosophy, housemaids, or orchestration—he was bound to be concentrating on one subject above all others—himself. But what shelf can contain the vast, sprawling, prodigal output of Liszt, printed by a score of different publishers in as many different versions, incorrectly catalogued, and much of it still in manuscript? As with Wagner, the printed works are a symbol of the man. Liszt's greatness lay in his variety of purpose, in the way he squandered his gifts, in the way he would drop his own work to put his burning enthusiasm to the service of others. It would be possible to write an intelligent Wagnerian study without bringing in any other names save Wagner and his characters, but an intelligent study of Liszt is bound to turn into a study of the romantic age.

These comparisons may seem irrelevant when dealing with a book which dismisses Wagner in so summary a manner, but they are the easiest way to emphasise the enormous difficulties which face the biographer of Liszt. He has to convince readers of the purely musical greatness of his subject, he has to explore a very badly mapped section of musical country, and he has to write, not one life, but a hundred. In spite of some minor faults Mr. Sitwell has overcome these difficulties in brilliant fashion. His enthusiasm for Liszt's music is contagious and is backed up by a knowledge remarkable for an amateur—he is indeed one of the few writers to do anything like justice to the later works. As might be expected from a writer with so pronounced a visual sense, his approach to the music is picturesque and associative. But, after all, this method is quite as musical as the pedantic method of maintaining that a chord of C is really one of D double flat, while it has the advantage of being extremely readable both to the professional and the non-professional. Mr. Sitwell's passion for the rococo leads him to give rather too much space to the transcriptions and dramatic fantasies, and at times one has an uneasy suspicion that he is concentrating on those pieces that give him an opportunity for a piece of fine writing rather than those of the greatest musical worth. Thus, more space is given to *Hunnenslacht* than to *Hamlet*, more to the *Canzonetta di Salvator Rosa* than to *Sposalizio*. These, however (like the wrong notes and broken strings that occasionally marked the master's playing), are but small points, and nothing could be more just and sane than Mr. Sitwell's picture of Liszt's music as a whole.

On the biographical side he seems to be no less successful, though here I am less qualified to judge of details. His discursive and baroque style is ideally suited to the fantastic subject, and he has given us not so much a full-length portrait as a vast decoration in the manner of a nineteenth century Tiepolo. Liszt, enthroned like a deity on a cloud, surrounded by adoring countesses and royalties, the ground littered with scores and musical instruments, on one side a range of Swiss mountains, on the other a Gothic church surrounded by cypresses, and in the background odd dæmonic figures, Paganini and the enigmatic Mr. Harrys, Berlioz evoking the terrors of Judgment Day, Mephistopheles with a fiddle in his hand. And just as Tiepolo's figures extend beyond the frame on to the walls and staircases, so Mr. Sitwell's book sprawls out into digressions, footnotes and appendices. I cannot help thinking that this biography would be far more to the taste of Liszt himself (who found the German mentality so unsympathetic) than some sober Teutonic textbook that stuck to the point and to strict chronological order. It is indeed a curiously Lisztian work. Unequal and loosely built, if you will, but executed with a verve and a virtuosity that cannot be resisted. The ideal book on the "vie trifurquée" of Liszt has yet to be written but, in the meanwhile, Mr. Sitwell's biography is by far the best study we have of this strange, misunderstood figure who, by his brilliance, versatility and generosity, obscured his own greatness.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

MARX'S BIOGRAPHERS

Karl Marx: A Study in Fanaticism. By E. H. CARR. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A few years ago, walking the streets of London idly one Sunday, I was surprised and a little discomposed to see on a poster in large green letters: LENIN LOVED ME, By POLA NEGRI. I did not buy the newspaper, and I do not know what degree of intimacy Miss Negri claimed. If I were compelled to give an opinion, I should be highly sceptical of any thrilling revelations. But of this I am quite sure—that Miss Negri's relations (if any) with Lenin are of no importance whatever. There are certain people who are only of interest to posterity in their personal relations with other people, such as Casanova. There are others, such as Danton, whose importance is greater, but in whose career the personal element still enters very greatly. And there are still others, such as Darwin, Lenin, or Marx, in whom we can only be interested as scientists, statesmen, or philosophers.

Yet, so long as the modern school of biography and the modern Sunday press exist, there will be found writers to force the lives of these men into the frames provided by Mr. P. C. Wren or Mrs. Elinor Glyn. Mr. Carr in producing a purely emotional life of Marx is not the first writer to consider that the public is not interested in Marx's theories at all, but in the beatings of his lonely heart. Otto Ruhle, a writer of far greater importance, has written a life purporting to show that Marx all his life suffered from a concealed inferiority complex, which was the reason why his works appealed to the proletariat which suffers from the same disease. Professor Aurel Kolnai, a writer of even less importance

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WISHART

than Mr. Carr, wrote a book to prove that Marx's views were all a form of "anal erotism."

Such extravagances are too difficult for the British Sunday public, and perhaps not quite nice either. Mr. Carr takes a surer and more profitable line in depicting Marx as a frenzied monster of envy, eaten up by spite, dishonest, lying, cold, quarrelsome. To be sure—he carefully drops the well-deserved tear—he suffered a great deal from poverty at one time and no doubt became embittered. Nevertheless, he was "envy and hate and calumny and pain" incarnate, and Mr. Carr plunges enthusiastically into Marx's obscurer controversies and angrier letters to secure materials for his lurid picture. Spleen is his only explanation of Marx's angers: that indignation at the oppression and robbery of the workers would be a real emotion he cannot conceive.

Within these limits, curiously enough, the book is well done. Mr. Carr recently wrote a book about Herzen and the other Victorian Russian refugees which successfully made them appear to be very funny and very futile. As they were in fact that, and no more, the book was unobjectionable. Now, hoping to repeat his success, he has written a book on Marx which successfully makes him appear very angry and very hateful. But Marx was (at the least) not that and no more. He was a famous economist and social philosopher, and this side of his character Mr. Carr knows nothing about. Mr. Carr's fortunately rare efforts to explain the Labour Theory of Value, or the Dialectic, or Historical Materialism are so muddled as to be nearly unintelligible. It would be unfair to comment on his criticism of Marxism as stressing only the value of labour and ignoring the capitalists "who provide the machines," because that would suggest a coherent, albeit childish, attempt at criticism, whereas in fact I do not believe that Mr. Carr has the least idea of what it is all about. He says luminously in his preface that "no biographer of Marx should ignore Marxism," and proudly points out that of his sixteen chapters two refer to Marxism quite extensively. He also in his preface classifies his predecessors in the study of Marx as "Marxists, pathetic pseudo-Marxists, and anti-Marxists," reserving for himself alone a new category that he is too modest to label. This completes the sum of his account of Marx's doctrines.

Perhaps, in order to be quite fair to the reader, I should add that I am myself mentioned in the preface as a pseudo-Marxist and a pursuer of moonshine, but that, so far as I am aware, I have not been prejudiced in my view of this book by that description.

R. W. Postgate

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All his writings can be read with pleasure, and yet, as we read, the particular book before us seems a little less good than the others. We finish *The Way of All Flesh* thinking that, after all, *Erewhon* is magnificent; *Erewhon* leaves us dissatisfied and we fall back in memory on the *Notebooks*. There, perhaps, we shall find the centre of a writer whose books, tough, ingenious and witty, are all side-lines; and, in fact, the *Notebooks* comes nearer to being a masterpiece than anything else Butler wrote.

It might have been his boast that he gives us ideas in the place of idealism; it is at once his strength and his weakness. "There is no concealing the fact that it is the business, practical side of literature and not the poetical and imaginative—I mean literature applied to the solving of some difficult problem which may be usefully solved—that alone fires me with hot desire to devour and imitate it. That and the battering down of falsehood to the utmost of my poor ability." Hence the series of ingenious questions—was the *Odyssey* written by a woman? which came first, the hen or the egg? was Mr. Darwin mistaken?—with which he attacked every subject from Christianity to Victorian drawing-room manners. Most of his serious argument is in answer to an amusing question. *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, *The Fair Haven*, *Life and Habit*—it led him into some very odd corners. Indeed, *The Fair Haven* is so odd that only Butler could properly appreciate the joke of it, and in a row of his books it seems, as it was meant to seem, the work of somebody else. When the reader has begun to discover the extent of Butler's oddity he inevitably loses some interest in his author's ideas, however brilliant, and becomes curious of his personality.

He finds that Butler, besides writing volumes of prose on Christianity, biology, and Homeric topography, wrote also Shakespearean sonnets, composed Handelian music, and painted landscapes in the tradition perhaps of the amateurs who preceded him. A mind so devoted to hobbies is fascinating in itself. Everyone who has read *Life and Habit* will agree that it is an entertaining and even a remarkable book; but surely Butler's own habits are more extraordinary? The twice-weekly visits, for example, to the room of a lady whose name he did not know until after years of association; the sheep-farming in New Zealand; the friendship with Pauli. The discovery of this new Butler, of the Butler interior, as it were, behind a spick-and-span front, changes everything; we worry a good deal less about his books and the place he is to be given in literature; as a character, he is safe.

With a superb generosity we are confronted also by Jones. Jones confirms Butler and manages at times to go one better. Their resemblance actually improves the situation; they respect one another, they encourage one another's foibles; and like two men who go to the theatre in order to share their contempt for the stage, they dispense with the grosser forms of comment. When they are separated each is alert to notice things that would have amused the other, had he been there; and thus they have a common experience which is shared as closely as when they sat down together to write a cantata.

Jones comes up to Butler in the Museum Reading-room, when Tennyson has died, and says: "And you know we have just had Renan; now then, Mr. Ruskin please." It is pleasant to think of them in the park, on the bus, buying eggs, drinking beer, reading the newspapers. The following anecdotes appear in *Further Extracts from the Notebooks:*

SIR CUSSHA SWEESONG TWAR.

Jones went to an evening party and said there was a lady there who sang a song (as he at first thought) about an Indian potentate named Sir Cussha Sweesong Twar, but he discovered presently that the song was French ("Ce que je suis sans toi.")

* * *

HARRIE AND *ÉLAN.*

Harrie said that Lee, the cook, had no *élan.* I pretended not to hear, and said with a puzzled look, "What's that?"

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BASIL BLACKWELL

Harrie bridled up and cried in a dignified tone, "No *élan*, the French word *élan*, she's got no *élan*."

So I said almost *sotto voce*, and very drily, "Oh, Lor'."

It came out so quick that my father and May were surprised into an involuntary laugh, but Harrie was very angry.

Half the attraction of the *Notebooks* lies, for me, in the Butler-Jones combination; the *Life* is necessary, too, if one wants the choicest Butler.

The *Further Extracts*, chosen by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew and published now for the first time in volume, bear all the marks of a second harvest. They are more entertaining than profound, and the cleverness is sometimes thin; one misses the smooth acridity of his best pieces. The Erewhonian formula accounts for much of the wit. Is this irreverence and naughtiness a little faded? Perhaps; but though Butler dates, he dates well. Nine-tenths of his writing is an antidote to Victorianism; and yet it is as a Victorian that we enjoy him. He was not so much ahead of his time as against the grain—chiefly in his refusal to sentimentalise the materialistic outlook. He stated his doctrine of mediocrity with uncompromising vigour. His sincere dislike of poetry, music, and, one suspects, all art—a dislike which is shared by the vast majority of people—was no more popular than his hatred of religion and parental authority.

"Change of place and change of ideas," he wrote, "are almost interchangeable. Complete change of ideas is almost tantamount to change of place, and change of place generally involves complete change of ideas." That is true particularly of clever people; Butler was never at a loss for ideas and no doubt he reacted to his surroundings in this way; had he been more stupid, or had there been more of the artist in him, he might have been aware of the stronger internal continuity which tends to make, or at any rate to find, its own scenery.

Every writer projects a portrait of himself into his work: a portrait which is usually on two planes, one more or less realistic, the other idealised. Baudelaire, for example, offers two figures: the poet (himself), and that mysterious stranger and spiritual aristocrat, the *Dandy*. So also Butler, the opposite of Baudelaire in every way, and opposed in principle to all idealism, gives us the picture of himself, as a man neither too bad nor too good, the devotee of the golden mean; and beyond him, too, we see the Dandy—but a very different one from Baudelaire's—the man of the world, overdressed and overbearing, with a great deal more money to flash than poor Butler ever had.

G. W. STONIER

THE FALL OF BYZANTIUM

Russian Mediaeval Architecture. By DAVID RODEN BUXTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

This is the first book in English on the evolution of Russian architecture, and Mr. Buxton has performed a very valuable service both to the professional and the amateur in writing it. Most of us feel as though we have always known about Russian art, as we have about Italian or French or Spanish or Dutch or any other modern art, but this is an illusion based on the success of the Russian ballet. There was a time, indeed, when Russian art might have shared a European vogue with the revived Gothic and the new-found Chinese and Turkish in the second half of the eighteenth century, for Jean Baptiste Le Prince—whose "secret" of aquatint was the stimulus to our English practice from Paul Sandby onward—nearly started a fashion of "russerie" with his pictures of horsed sledges, silhouetted churches, timbered houses, balalaikas and Russian dances, to remain with the Turkish Tales, the Kew Pagoda, and Strawberry Hill as footprints on the sands of taste. We could not really have known much, for apart from the hand-to-mouth knowledge such as occasionally appeared in Victorian encyclopaedias, and the second-hand Slavophil propaganda of Viollet-le-Duc, not even the Russians themselves took the matter seriously until the early twentieth century. The great pioneer work by Grabar dates only from 1909, and the best non-Russian book by Réau is as recent as 1921.

Fortunately, therefore, the serious study of Russian architecture was born into an age of synthetic as well as descriptive art-history, into a new psychology of research, in which investigation is increasingly concerned with art as an external indication of changing mental fashions and of changing taste, in which psychology, anthropology, and the history of commercial and cultural trade routes play as large a part as the old genealogical and engineering approach, in explaining the physiognomy and physiology of a nation's architecture. Wölfflin in his *Principles of Art History*, only recently translated, profoundly affected the European appreciation of Baroque; Emile Mâle traced the Crusaders and the Arabs across Romanesque Europe; Charles Diehl put the case for Byzantine art with crystal-clear profundity; but the greatest disturber of all was Josef Strzygowski, who joined in the battle of Byzantium, bringing facts and theories from Syria and Iran, to rout the forces of Rome under Rivoira, and with the blessed word Mesopotamia has raised an architectural "Storm over Asia." The history of Russian architecture cannot be understood without a close study of all these theories, and of the new writers on Georgia and Armenia. Mr. Buxton is to be congratulated on the easy path he pursues amid these theoretical entanglements. The book is called *Russian Mediaeval Architecture*, but Russia does not begin until the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with Kiev and Novgorod and Vladimir, and the greater part of Mr. Buxton's story is taken up by later developments, the Renaissance Revival at Moscow in the fifteenth century, and the Baroque movements in Moscow and the Ukraine as late as the eighteenth century. The second section, on Transcaucasia, takes us back to the Mediaeval period in a fascinating study of Georgian and Armenian architecture, which comes to its close about the time that Russia is beginning. Strategically the arrangement is justifiable, for Russia has its public, but logically the book is inverted, for Russia is but a footnote of eccentricities beside the fundamental problems of the earlier period.

The vast geographical extent of Russia made it a fertile soil for cultural influences. The great waterways linked up the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland with the Black Sea and the Caspian. The Swedish Vikings took charge of Russia in the ninth century, and what remains of their architectural teaching we shall never know. In the tenth century Christianity came, and with it came the architecture of Christianity. Convoys of merchants went along the Dnieper to Constantinople accompanied by pilgrims to the Holy Land, and in return architecture came from Constantinople and farther. In 1036 Kiev had its magnificent Cathedral of St. Sophia. In 1045 Novgorod, on the route between the Hansa towns and Constantinople, had its chaste and dignified cathedral with exquisite balance and proportion, crowned with Scythian helmet-domes. At Vladimir in the twelfth century came the strangely pure buildings in white stone, with oriental carvings, and with arcades reminiscent of both Romanesque and Armenian structures, and above all the impressive and influential Cathedral of the Assumption, and then suddenly all Russia, except Novgorod, becomes Mongol for a hundred years. Moscow takes up the story again in the fourteenth century in not very inspired imitation of Vladimir, until with the importation of Italian architects there arose the cathedral masterpieces of the Kremlin between 1475 and 1509, in which the Cathedral of the Assumption at Vladimir served as model for buildings which preserved all the native purity and dignity of the twelfth century, while adding the grace and tact of the Renaissance architects. In the sixteenth century came the horrors of the Church of St. Basil at Moscow. Campanile were introduced on foreign models, and the seventeenth-century Bell Tower of St. John Chrysostom at Yaroslavl deserves respect. The later story of Ukrainian Baroque is a sad tale, redeemed by the story of wooden structures, which Mr. Buxton tells well, and supports with some admirable illustrations, culminating in the cover decoration of the Church at Kizhi of the early eighteenth century, a fascinating articulation of twenty-two wooden onion-domes. The complexity of this material is equalled only, perhaps, by Hispano-Moresque art which reflects the struggle of Islam fighting and absorbing in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt and North Africa, and ending its Odyssey in Spain.

Complex and fascinating as the evolution of Russian architecture may be, it is child's play and mere modernity compared with the story of Transcaucasian architecture from the sixth century onward. The solid masses of masonry, externally dull and grim, internally fascinating with their geometrical complications of plan, churches within churches, squares buttressed with apses, trefoils and quatrefoils within squares, present real problems to the student of architectural evolution. There are uncanny likenesses to Western Romanesque, and fundamental differences of outlook. The Romanesque architect is an architect and not a geometrician, and he calculates his plan, not as a combination of abstract figures, but as a system of walls, thrusts and supports. The Transcaucasian architect is left with the bareness of his wall masses, and decorates it with almost Persian-carpet decoration, whereas the Romanesque wall is the result of a logic of structure. The likeness between

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Armenian and Celtic ornament also calls for investigation. It is in this field that Strzygowski has exploded his devastating mines of theory. In its latest form his doctrine is that there existed an original Christian art in the East during the first three centuries of the Christian era, in Egypt, Syria and in Asia Minor, completely independent of Roman influence, that Sassanid Persia routed the Hellenic influence, and that through Armenia came the vault, the cupola on a square base, the church with a central plan, the basilica with a cupola, and even the Greek-cross plan, and that from Armenia, by means of the Gothic migrations, the cupola came to Constantinople and Greece, the Balkans and Russia, and that Santa Sophia itself is a church of purely Armenian conception, making, in Mr. Buxton's words, "the style of Armenia the parent stock from which sprang the Byzantine of Constantinople as well as the Byzantine of Kiev."

Laymen can only gasp at the stupendous revisions demanded by such a theory, which, though it has its opponents, notably those who have a vested interest in Byzantium and Lombardy, has won widespread support. It is another and a richer story than the story of Russian building, and for having told us both tales, and supported them with over two hundred admirably chosen illustrations completely new to English readers, Mr. Buxton deserves the thanks so rarely accorded to the pioneer.

J. Isaacs

THE QUIET EYE

The Mind's Eye. Essays by Edmund Blunden. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Blunden is not an essayist in the proper sense of the word, and he offers us this collection of miscellanies, "middles," and random lectures with an air of deprecation. The inward eye which he has in mind is Wordsworth's, and it opens only as a result of long meditation and recollection. Poets are handicapped in this age of versatile accomplishments and rapid emotions, for a stray thought may take a year or half a dozen years to form itself into poetic expression. Mr. Blunden is doubly handicapped, for fate has destined him to be the voice—perhaps the last voice of the English countryside. He is happy only in the strength and fullness of his tradition: when circumstances take him from it, he drags after him an ever-lengthening chain. Most of these essays, in fact, show the poet resisting, quietly or stubbornly, the imaginative menace of every environment which is not his own.

In a group of sketches which is meant as a postscript to *Undertones of War*, Mr. Blunden expresses his perplexity in a world which has little time for meditation. Glancing at his laden desk, as a literary editor for the nonce, he notes: "I have to review, immediately, a heap of new works that have already been saluted as masterpieces, starkly original, brutally truthful, pulsing with the drama of consciousness, grasping the whole horror of the war in every sentence." It is obvious that Mr. Blunden recoils from these instant confessions of heart, nerves and bowels. In his own work he has shown the slow permeation of his war experiences through his mind, and found a measure of tranquillity. So he can write in this way:

> Beaumont Hamel being in its last days a fortress, and indeed Germany's masterpiece of brainwork, spadework and ironwork, we were restricted to trenches a little apart from its western tree-stumps. And beautiful trenches too, but for an ugly corner or two; and over them the September sun burned, and a young line of aspens silvered with musical restlessness at their western entry. And over them the guns made argument, and into them the fires descended. The season-change of apple boughs and berried hedgerows tapestried the sky behind us, where we lived in a kind of log cabin and white house in one, annexed to the trench called Second Avenue.

This could easily be quoted as a choice example of prettification, enraging in its false serenity. Actually it illustrates the undercurrents of Mr. Blunden's mind, the lights and shades at work in his memory. Unfortunately, the shadows of the Great War have not been allowed to subside gracefully or sadly into the past: they have leaped ahead of us once more and such peace of mind is less certain than it seemed a few years ago.

Mr. Blunden failed to find any essential part of his mind in Japan. Seated between an ugly oil stove and a beautiful but inefficient brazier, of a winter's night, Mr. Blunden became a realist and shared a disgust which poets of the latest school feel at home:

> The little temple is so dingy that one longs for the familiar dinginess of the Unitarian chapel. The canal looks very like that gruesome one outside Ypres in the decomposing summer of 1917. The trams, if

moving, bump and crash past, with half a dozen labourers hanging on to the brass rail at each door, but stoppages are frequent. There is a firework display in the evening, and glorious it should be, but ten thousand pairs of slouching clogs fill the area with dust and you barely survive. You have seen Japanese conjurers daintily performing, but on joining the thrusting circle in the park corner you find an outlandish man swallowing and regurgitating with dreadful strain a large brass ball.

Mr. Blunden calls himself, defensively, a Victorian and Georgian, but the above passage, cut into appropriate lengths, might pass as a modernist poem. Shivering over his oil stove in the Japanese hotel, Mr. Blunden had a vision of England to warm his wits, but many of the moderns, whose oddities he notes in a few of these essays have, apparently, only the oil stove.

The later essays are varied in interest. Ranging second-hand bookstalls and dipping into book barrows with a reverential hand, Mr. Blunden lures us back into more spacious times. There is as yet no society for the preservation of these antiquities. But in his essays on the English countryside there is a note of uneasiness, accentuated, no doubt, by the practical needs of a topical subject. Certainly there is something fantastic in the fact that a fine Nature poet should have to write on The Preservation of Rural England. Mr. Blunden cannot be blamed if the whole weighty subject suddenly became unreal and much less important than what is perceived by the mind's eye : " The fox, if we are concerned about his part in this coloured canvas, knows his business as well as his ancestors, and apart from such interruptions can still testify (among friends) that the countryside continues to exist."

UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATORS ?

La Belle au Bois Dormant. EDWARD JAMES. *Duckworth.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Poems—Group One. G. W. DUNN. *Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Festivals of Fire. RONALD BOTTRALL. *Faber.* 5*s.*

In Arcadia. W. MACNEILE DIXON. *Blackie.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Winter Harvest. ANDREW YOUNG. *Nonesuch.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This is the first appearance of Mr. Dunn, and Mr. James does not flaunt the existence of his previous work. One would not be likely to attribute any of the poems to the wrong author, but there are general characteristics in common. There is a marked lack of inevitability, in phrase, image and idea. Mr. James has not yet mastered his medium ; he is clumsy with prepositions, and thoroughly unfortunate in the colloquialisms, such as " My hat ! " with which his pages are bespattered. His technique can be purely slovenly. Reading that

> She was dreaming then of a
> high dim veldt where neither day
> dawneth ever. . . .

one is not content. It is a pleasure, all the keener from its unexpectedness, to turn a page and find the " Song of a Girl," " I'm in love with love and have no lover," that has some of the spirited quality and the simplicity of traditional English folk song.

Mr. Dunn has a surer sense of words ; he uses few that are out of place in poetry but at the same time few that have not frequently been found there before. His rhyme-schemes and metres are often careful and ingenious. He is exuberant and full of a healthy zest for life, but at present he takes his task too seriously ; when he writes of *The Brothers*—

> In the iron hours before the dawn they woke
> And plunged deep down into the morning waves,

senses of humour and proportion have lamentably failed him. It is not enough to summon young men to exultation rather than despair ; the poet must, irresistibly and without apparent self-consciousness, communicate the experience that leads him to exult.

Mr. Bottrall, who admits that *Festivals of Fire* " might have been provided with a full apparatus of notes " of labour-saving value, is indubitably obscure. More than either of the former writers, however, he seems to have made up his mind beforehand about what he is going to say, and on a re-reading the significance of most of his details will appear. Whereas Mr. Dunn summons up his blood as he glimpses the proud power of machines (" engine songs, barbaric with blood throb "), Mr. Bottrall—and, as he presents it, his view is the more penetrating, though not necessarily final—sees them as tireless enemies. Balder is dead.

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he comments on a road accident, and the line suggests the "sinewy strength"—to adopt Coleridge's phrase—that can characterise his work.

"O holy Tradition!" prays Professor Dixon, ushering us into Arcadia: "Be thou my helper, lest I fancy myself wiser than all the generations of men." The great, even the ambitious poet, one fancies, must so consider himself, for is he not a revelator of the hitherto unperceived? Echoes of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Tennyson, Keats and the Old Testament here mingle melodiously, subordinated to a beautiful sureness of critical judgment. Whenever the world is too much with us, a turn through Scotland and Faeryland with Thomas of Ercildoune and the Faery Queen will re-affirm our sense of values. The deliberate structure of some of the verses, and their grave lyrical quality remind one of the work of Landor, while Landor at his best hardly wrote more finely than the later scholar here:

Whither has journeyed our Astarte dear,
Sweetest and best beloved daughter fair?
At bright Apollo's rising she was here,
And at his setting who shall tell us where?

Andrew Young has already, but vainly, been acclaimed by the critics. Even *Winter Harvest*, the selection brought out last November by the Nonsuch Press—of the high quality of its production need one say more?—seems to be generally unknown. Yet here is poetry, perhaps the purest that has appeared during the century; poetry of perception and of expression; poetry whose creation has united a sensitiveness exquisite in observation and in sympathy, a fancy tinged with humour, and a true imaginative power. Wander with the poet beside *The Roman Wall*:

Twitching its ears as pink
As blushing scallops loved by Romans once,
A lamb leaps to its drink
And, as the quavering cry breaks on the stones,
Time, like a leaf, down drops. . . .

Finish this poem to yourself, and turn back and on to the rest. The subjects—one, most charmingly, a headless saint in a stained-glass window—are usually from the countryside, but one need not be an acknowledged nature lover for old memories to be aroused and new and keener ones assured by the reading. Often, as the title of the book suggests, the poet is concerned with death, but never morbidly; he finds a group of feathers, *Killed by a Hawk*,

Feathers without a bird!
As though the bird had flown away
From its own feathers, fired
By strange desire for some immortal spray.

Some of the poems are unequal, the end falling a little flat after the beginning, or unfolding some rare beauty that one had not been promised. A rhyme may be inadequate, or a phrase verge on the prosaic; but more often the use of a single word will animate a faded subject and the poem will have transmuted a familiar conception. At *The Round Barrow* we too will

Think how Death sat once
And with sly fingers picked those princely bones. . . .

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AT IT AGAIN

Mary Queen of Scots. By MARJORIE BOWEN. *Lane.* 15s.

This latest addition to the literature about Mary Stuart does not add anything to one's knowledge of the Queen or one's understanding of her problems. It boils down, in fact, to what Miss Bowen thinks of Mary, and she doesn't think very much. She writes in a tone of critical impartiality, but since impartiality is the last quality which one could attribute to her book, this conscientious *tone* merely makes her narrative dry and somewhat

irritating. She dislikes Mary, as she has a perfect right to do, but dislike can be every bit as misleading for an historian as affection, especially if the historian lacks imagination and if, as one is led to suspect on every page of Miss Bowen's book, that dislike has preceded the examination of the material. Sir Edward Parry frankly liked Mary, but his book, *The Persecution of Mary Stewart*, carried more conviction, even to readers who took no particular interest in her defence, because his handling of the evidence was intelligent, imaginative, and persuasive. Miss Bowen's is not.

Her bias begins to show itself already in her account of Mary's early years, when the Queen was still an unknown quantity and no scandals had as yet attached to her name. The slander about her relations with her uncle the Cardinal, spread by Bothwell many years later and carefully recorded by Miss Bowen as early as p. 46, need hardly be taken seriously. Anything that might not enhance the Queen's reputation is duly noted. Her eyes are repeatedly referred to as "furtive," her intelligence perpetually questioned. Nobody has surely claimed, of recent years, that Mary's intelligence was *remarkable*, but Miss Bowen manages to convey the impression that she was a fool, by assuming that the alternative was genius. And this despite Throckmorton's evidence, written to Elizabeth: "since her husband's death she has shown and so continually, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, of much modesty, and also great judgment in the wise handling of herself and her matters which . . . cannot but turn greatly to her commendation, reputation, honour, and great benefit of her and her country." Throckmorton's testimony is, Miss Bowen admits, of value, but that does not deter her from assuming as a matter of course that all Mary's wisdom was lent to her by her Guise relations, and railing at her folly in situations where a wiser woman might well have lost her head, and where indeed one sometimes wonders what else Mary could have done.

Commenting on Mary's refusal to join Huntley and the Catholics, when she first returned to Scotland, and with their aid to crush the Protestant party by force, Miss Bowen says: "It would have been more courageous and more honest on Mary's part if she had accepted this advice instead of the insincere compromise which did her, in the end, no good." But would it have been even politic to let Huntley "restore her by force" to a country her sovereignty over which had never been questioned and which, in theory at least, offered no opposition to her return? And what evidence is there that Mary's refusal to use force upon the reformers was at any time insincere? There is such a thing as tolerance, and it is not so absolutely an invention of nineteenth-century liberalism as many people believe. And it was hardly Mary's fault that her action, in entrusting herself peacefully to the Scots, her subjects, and James Stewart, her half-brother, "did her, in the end, no good."

Similarly the marriage with Darnley is condemned, a condemnation in which all must join, but who else was there for Mary to marry? And who could she trust in Scotland if she had chosen to emulate her English cousin? She is given a sound rating for taking as advisers and "favourites" such men as Darnley, Rizzio, and Bothwell. Who should she have chosen? Darnley, as the Queen's husband, Rizzio, as a foreigner in her service, could have no personal motives for disloyalty to the Queen, on whose supremacy their own position must rest. And Mary had learned too well that there was not a noble in Scotland whose personal interests would not always come before her own or the country's good. Bothwell had at least been, as far as she could know, consistently loyal to the Stewart party. The poor Queen has already been condemned for *not* allying herself with Huntley, who had betrayed her mother in 1559.

In a word, the Queen of Scots can do no right. Every foolish word or action, every little dirty scandal that so much as brushed her court, is duly recorded, though sometimes questioned. The hopelessness of her position is admitted, but no allowance is made for the continual fight with that hopelessness and its effect upon the character and mind of a young girl, not trained or prepared for such a destiny. Writing in the year of Mary's marriage Randolph remarked, after some bitter criticism of Mary's wilfulness and reputation:

> You will find these things strange, especially confirmed by me, though oftentimes in word and writing to set forth her praises wherever I could, and I would hardly believe that she is so much changed in her nature that she beareth only the shape of that woman she was before.

Whatever mistakes, whatever crimes Mary may have committed, in that *change* and in nothing else lies the full extent of her tragedy.

> But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
> The soyle is this, that thou dost common grow.

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That aspect of her story Miss Bowen has not even the understanding to perceive.

And so one is left wondering still why Miss Bowen has chosen to write of Mary Stuart. Even her dislike is insufficiently pronounced to make good reading. Knox is far more fun, and about as convincing. While avoiding fictitious dialogue, Miss Bowen indulges freely in the "may have"-"must have" trick which is so irritating, and quite as unjustifiable as dialogue. And she writes badly. Split infinitives may not have much importance to-day, but they do indicate a distressing insensitiveness to language.

FLORA GRIERSON

THE WORKING JOURNALIST

The Vivid Life: A Journalist's Career. By FREDERICK J. HIGGINBOTTOM. *Simpkin Marshall.* 12s. 6d.

In the first decade of the century there were still names of power in Fleet Street—that is to say, not names of newspaper magnates, but of working journalists who had won their way to editorial chairs and who, though little known to the general public, enjoyed great professional influence and respect. Almost the last of them was "Higginbottom of the *P.M.G.*"—who after more than twenty years of retirement has written his reminiscences. His progress was typical of the old order—a sounder and sturdier order than the new. A Lancashire lad, with few educational advantages, he began as a factotum on a local newspaper, and presently came to London as a Press Association reporter. The P.A. sent him to Ireland in the stirring days of Parnell and the Land League, an experience which on the whole he enjoyed, but would have enjoyed much more if he had not had to report so many hangings. In 1892 when the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which under John Morley had been the oracle of Liberal orthodoxy, changed hands and politics, Mr. Higginbottom joined the staff as Lobby correspondent and—save for a very short interval as Parliamentary sketch writer for the *Daily Chronicle*—continued with the *Pall Mall* until his retirement in 1911. For the last ten years he was the controlling power of the journal, first as managing editor and latterly, on the resignation of Sir Douglas Straight, as editor-in-chief. There have been more exciting and piquant volumes of Fleet Street reminiscences than Mr. Higginbottom's, but there is none that presents a better balanced picture of the old days, which with all their faults deserve to be called good. Newspapers were not so "human" in those days, but they were much more humane. Of course, occasionally they had to stoop to conquer. Douglas Straight was once waited upon at the *P.M.G.* office by a butler whose wits were evidently as sharp as his ears. The fellow said he had an important political secret to sell. It was Mr. Gladstone's impending resignation. It cost the *P.M.G.* several hundred pounds, but was thought to be worth it. Anyhow it was true.

A COUNTRY VICAR

The Diary of Benjamin Newton, 1816-1818. Edited by C. P. FENDALL and E. A. CRUTCHLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

The Rev. Benjamin Newton, M.A., sometime fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, then vicar of Devynock, Brecon, vicar of Bedwyn, Wilts, and vicar of Norton St. Philip, Somerset—one regrets to note of so estimable a man that the last two benefices were held in plurality—in 1814 became rector of Wath, Yorkshire, which was (and still is, even in these hard times) a valuable living and therefore proper to be bestowed on a man of ample private means. He was then fifty-three years of age, with the best part of a successful married life behind him and a grown-up family to whom he appears to have been much attached. Two years later it occurred to him for the first time to start a diary, but the diary habit is one that must be begun in youth if it is to be a habit. Late middle-age certainly is either too indolent or too sick of itself to provide the initial impetus that will keep so tedious a task going. Mr. Newton held out for three years, and then suddenly stopped, though his ministry at Wath continued until his death in 1830.

One cannot but commend his judgment. His diary, though seldom flat and never stale, is pretty small beer. It is neatly written, but not much more is recorded than the doings of an intelligent country gentleman who also happened to be a parish priest. Most of the entries are brief—those relating to clerical duties austerely so, though it is clear that he was punctual in the discharge of them. For the rest, farming, quarter-sessions, shooting, hunting, now and then a race meeting, and a very respectable amount of reading, mostly in biography and travel. Only twice does Mr. Newton allow his pen really to play. The first is at the beginning when he prefaces the diary with a self-portrait at once lively and (though he declares vanity as his besetting sin) modest. He admits and doubtfully regrets a tendency to satire; likes tea much better than wine, but in general has a catholic appetite in food and drink; apart from "outright villainy and sin," regards affectation as the only intolerable human vice; and claims but one virtue, that he "seldom or ever tells stories, even short ones." He enjoyed hearing a good story, however, as appears from the sparkling account of his holiday tour with his family in the Lake Country.

> Sat down at four to an excellent dinner and to an excellent story of my old friend about an acquaintance and, I believe, relative of his, the rector of Finchampstead in Essex, a man of fortune, who kept his coach and four and made his two sons postillion, calling one son of a whore, whom he had by his wife who was his housekeeper before marriage, and the other son of a bitch whom he had by her afterwards.

Mr. Newton explains that, as his religious opinions are well-known through being expounded from the pulpit every Sunday, they are excluded from his diary. But he is betrayed into one interesting exception, being some reflections upon reading Dr. Chalmers' discourses on astronomy. He quotes with approval a curious saying attributed to Sir Isaac Newton, that infidelity will prevail until superstition is utterly destroyed, after which true religion will come into its own. He then adds:

> I conceive Christianity to be progressive. I may be recording an opinion that is not orthodox, but I think when once infidelity has banished superstition the religion of Jesus Christ may proceed to be more and more spiritualised in the actions and faith of its professors as to be able to subsist without the aid of any human institutions.

One may infer from words like these and their context—the whole passage is striking—that Mr. Newton thought a great deal more than he cared to commit even to the privacy of his diary.

DONALD CARSWELL

THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW

The Yeoman's England. By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS. *Maclehose.* 8s. 6d.

Some enterprising publisher with an ardent love of England might very well gather together an anthology of the first impression of airmen flying over the country. He might then be able to rediscover for Sir William Beach Thomas the charming and lost impressions of the German balloonist who was blown out of his course and wrote "one of the daintiest pictures of England I ever read." And no doubt in return Sir William Beach Thomas could supply him with other letters from the American airman who wrote:

> We then came to the most beautiful country I ever saw. It made me think of Grimm's fairy tales. The greenest fields imaginable and no fences, just hedges and an occasional stone wall . . . most of the fields were pasture fields or seemed so. They were curved into this intensely green grass. There was never a farm house. The houses were of the softest red brick—I mean the colour—and all pretty, or I should say picturesque, and never an inch wasted.

It is rather this kind of bird's eye view, comprehensive but detailed, that Sir William Beach Thomas himself has attempted in *The Yeoman's England*. "Now, as it seems to me," he says, "a great many people have written memorably about little bits of England, intimately known. No one has written of England as a whole." And curiously enough the great English nature-writers, so far from writing about England as a whole, have written, roughly, about the same part of it. Hudson, White, Jefferies, Edward Thomas, Barnes and William Cobbett all follow each other's paths over the same land. Their hearts are in the country south of the Thames and Severn and east of Exmoor. It is possible that Sir William Beach Thomas is aware of this coincidence and that *The Yeoman's England* is an attempt to break away from the long sequence of writers who have worshipped the south. But the task of writing about England as a whole, in one book, is a colossal one. He has split up his book into twelve sections, a section for each month of the year, thus following the precedent set by Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. H. J. Massingham. It serves admirably,

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only that the result is not a complete picture of England at all, wide in range though it is, which only shows how inexhaustibly rich England itself is. Like Hudson, Sir William Beach Thomas is at his best with birds, and after that with trees, and after that with crops and flowers. He writes soundly and happily, without sentimentality and at the same time without the serene felicity of Hudson. He lacks, too, Edward Thomas's sustained elation and ecstasy. He is, rather, an analytical writer, full of curiosity about the problems and mysteries of natural life, endlessly and patiently observing any kind of bird or animal or flower, never dogmatic in his conclusions, rarely angry, persistently alive to fresh beauties and wonders. Again and again he goes over the same ground, his curiosity undiminished, and continually repeats himself. But he is never commonplace and his prose is as fresh as a daisy.

MORE ABOUT MONEY

Recovery and Common Sense. By O. W. M. Sprague. *Lane.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Promise to Pay. By R. McNair Wilson. *Routledge.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Particular interest attaches to this critical analysis of the Roosevelt recovery policy by Dr. Sprague who, after serving for several years as Chief Economic Adviser to the Bank of England, was called to Washington to act in the same capacity to the United States Treasury, and resigned his post in protest against the monetary measures adopted last year. The root causes of the depression he finds not in the banking situation, but rather in the recklessness of farmers who bid up land prices and incurred heavy mortgage burdens, and in equally reckless industrialists who plunged into excessive expansions of plant. The Federal Reserve System he chastises for failing to check this recklessness and the later gambling orgy in stocks and shares.

Admitting that a rise in price level is essential to business recovery and that some depreciation of the dollar might help, he denies that further depreciation would be of service, and regards inflation as an utterly disastrous policy. Discussing practical measures for governmental relief, he stresses the difficulties of discontinuing such work when it has once begun, and of preventing injurious reactions upon private enterprise. A great public housing scheme will necessarily raise land values, strengthen "rings" and monopolies in building materials, and raise labour costs in all the building trades. Dr. Sprague clearly recognises that there is no lack of cheap money for investment and for running expenses, and he looks to some natural process of recovery through increased "demand for materials and labour required for meeting deferred maintenance and the replacement and improvement of equipment generally" (p. 81). But this recovery requires a restoration of business confidence, and the N.R.A. policy inhibits this confidence. He proposes no constructive social-economic policy as a preventive of another depression.

Mr. Wilson's little book will be read with great profit by the increasing number of thoughtful men and women who mistrust our monetary system alike in its national and its international operations. Tracing the growth of banking finance from the discovery of the goldsmith that he could lend out at interest most of the money entrusted to him for security, he shows how this discovery has developed into a technique by which the issue of I.O.U.s by bankers has displaced for most purposes of purchase the money issued by Governments. In a series of witty dialogues between bankers and statesmen he launches a devastating set of charges against this private money-power, as responsible for the alternating booms and depressions of the Credit Cycle, in which "the bankers were making profits both ways, by compelling buyers to pay them tribute during the booms, and by compelling sellers to pay them tribute during the slumps—and all this by means of their loans of promises-to-pay what none of them possessed" (p. 32). When the confidence trick fails and bankers are subject to a dangerous request to fulfil their obligations the Government comes to their aid with a moratorium. This way of manufacturing risky purchasing power when it extends into international lending is seen to be fraught with the gravest perils to price and wage levels, and to be responsible in great part for the stoppages of foreign trade. Why should private finance make large profits by the issue of "promises to pay" which they cannot meet out of their own resources, and the insecurity of which is continually rocking prices and wasting productive resources? One knows the orthodox reply, "Business can only be worked by credit, and only expert financiers can determine the amount and apply it properly. For this serviceable skill and risks they are entitled to be paid." But I do not think that readers of Mr. Wilson's able book will be satisfied with this reply, though some of them may regret the strong language of his denunciatory passages.

J. A. Hobson

ORIGINS OF CULTURE

New Light on the Most Ancient East: The Oriental Prelude to European Prehistory. By V. Gordon Childe. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

Among the battered phrases of modern currency, "the cradle of civilisation" is perhaps the most battered. It has been worn so smooth that the common reader cannot with any certainty decipher a date on it, or even refer it to a place. The dating has at least undergone some change since the days when the scientists, with their old Testaments, registered "4004 B.C." As to the place, probably the eastern shores of the Mediterranean have stood without serious challenge since the question was first investigated. But the comfortable simplicity of those traditions is slipping away from us. It was assumed once that the Sumerians "came first," followed by the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and then—by easy stepping-stones to the west—the Greeks, the Romans, and at last the woad-painted British, along with the rest of darkest Europe.

The truth (as revealed by recent excavation) is more complicated. But one disappointment in Mr. Childe's new survey is that these woad-painted Europeans, "sunk in the night of illiteracy and barbarism," are still assumed, with a contemptuous gesture, to be holding their field in moron tenacity, about A.D. 900. Mr. Childe allows himself the exaggeration in order to pass with a more appetising contrast to his own subject. In a volume of 300 pages, profusely illustrated with line drawings and photographs, he sets out to show the student of prehistory that the proper study of Europe is Asia; that is, if the social systems and cultural diffusions of long ago are to be correctly grasped.

Mr. Childe defines and describes three main centres of civilisation, whose early history—or prehistory—has in each case been opened up only within recent years. These three are the Nile valley, the Tigris-Euphrates country, and the domains of the Indus. He then adds the region of Iran and Syria as a fourth centre, and one which to some degree serves as the link between the second and third. Of these, while the Indus valley is the least familiar, and has indeed only been presented for general consideration in a single published study, the Egyptian civilisation may at once be picked out as the most popular and most fully explored. Egypt has provided a system of chronology by which its own course can be measured, and the period of adjacent cultures—thanks to the relations they had with the Egyptian—can be reckoned with some accuracy. But the oldest agriculturists in the Nile valley have only been traced, as it were, in the stop-press. It was in 1929 that Brunton issued his report upon the remote farming community which he termed Tasians, from the place where he found vestiges of them. These Neolithic peoples, depending only on the resources of their own environment, are seen to have been quickly superseded by a more complex organisation that bears traces of outside influence. Similar developments in Sumeria and Babylonia indicate beyond doubt that a regular intercourse was early established between all these centres, as the people progressed from mere food-gatherers to food-producers, and then established industry and commerce.

Mr. Childe fills in the details of this outline (which itself is perhaps tolerably common knowledge) by an examination of the pottery, weapons, burial customs, and other evidences of these ancient tribes, as found in successive layers below the present surface of the land. His book is a repository of relics, and he discusses learnedly such matters as the mechanism of diffusion—the passage of persons, ideas, property, from one centre to another. Peace and war alike promote (as he expounds) the interchange of civilised notions, and the migration of peoples. The only thing he has not done is to achieve an English style which could allure those not already attracted to his materials.

Sylva Norman

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> You people must have faith: you must not be stampeded by rumours or guesses. Let us unite in banishing fear. We have provided the machinery to restore our financial system; it is up to you to support and make it work. It is your problem no less than mine. Together we cannot fail.

How does he manage this ultra-simplicity, one asks? As one reads on, the question disappears. Save for a few terse and hammered phrases the language of his uniquely brief Inaugural is not much more elaborate and even in addressing a university his manner hardly changes. Here is the natural texture of this mind. Nature made this American President simple, and history has not complicated him.

One grasps, as one reads on, the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's confidence. There is in him none of the megalomania of the romantic leader, nor any trace of egoism. His assurance rests on an unshaken faith in a divinely ordered Universe, in the American constitution, the traditions and the character of his people. He is a devout Christian, and he has never questioned the fundamentals of the capitalist system. He can write of the American constitution that it has "proved itself the most superbly enduring political mechanism the modern world has ever seen," because it is "so simple." He appeals, almost in the spirit of Mr. Hoover's eulogy of "rugged individualism," for charity for the unemployed. These voluntary "welfare services" are "essential to the whole American scheme of life."

What, then, is amiss? For Mr. Roosevelt knows, better than most, how profound is the chaos into which he aspires to bring order. His diagnosis is of an almost incredible simplicity. What is amiss is the greed and wickedness of comparatively few persons. He denounces the "callous and selfish wrongdoing" of profiteers and stock-brokers. He says plainly that some bankers have been "dishonest." He explains, in the spirit of the Victorian advocates of Factory Acts, that there are "a few selfish men in each competitive group" who frustrate the good intentions of the rest by cutting prices and sweating labour. He is so far precise as to describe them as "the unfair ten per cent." Looking abroad and perceiving that the Disarmament Conference is in difficulty, he tells us that 90 per cent. of humanity is ready to disarm, but "the other ten per cent. . . . seeks territorial expansion." The ninety, he tells us, must "persuade" the ten to adopt "conduct based on good ethics." He does his share, and will even preach to Chambers of Commerce that they should concern themselves with "the welfare of the whole," and "lay aside selfish interests." "Private office," he declares, "is a public trust." Such phrases occur not once, but on nearly every page. The whole outlook of the man is ethical, and in this he is as consistent as he is manifestly sincere. He talks instinctively in the language of morals. When he approaches currency he wants an "honest" dollar: when he turns to diplomacy he prescribes the foreign policy of "the good neighbour."

He is so far our contemporary that he realises that the natural good will of ninety captains of industry in every hundred is not enough to ensure an observance of "ethical standards in business." Hence the Codes. He has dropped *laisser faire* to the extent that he will call Government in to help the ninety to discipline the ten. But he insists that this does not mean "control" by Government over industry. At most there is to be a "partnership" between Government and business, not in profits, but in "planning." Elsewhere he defines his ideal as "democratic self-discipline in industry."

One had read some of these phrases before. One had guessed that tact inspired them: this clever politician knew the vocabulary of the Rotary Clubs. But surely he meant something more than this by "planning"—at least as much as the Liberal Yellow Book meant. Not a whit more. Read him, as it were in the round, and the patent weakness of N.R.A. which one took for a first defective essay, certain to be stiffened up, answers only too plainly to the naivety of its author's thinking. Business is controlling itself, and what it has done is, broadly, to form a vast series of price-rings, which have raised prices rather faster than wages. One was mistaken if one took this man for a fighter. He is a moralist, who cannot think in terms of social dynamics. He has changed nothing in the balance of forces that govern industry, and consequently its product will be divided as before. One may condense in figures, as the University of Chicago has done, the results that demonstrate the failure of this childlike ethical revolution. Average weekly wages have risen in this first year from $19 to $19.30. But since the cost of living rose by 7 per cent. in nine months, the purchasing power of the average worker has actually declined. Farmers' incomes, measured against a pre-war 100, have indeed risen from 49 to 59, but commodity prices also continue to rise. A year's effort has "modified but slightly the distorted income structure of 1932"—which is an academic way of saying that big business still exploits the worker and the farmer.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEW NOVELS

I, Claudius. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Barker.* 8s.

Here To-day, and Gone To-morrow. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Late Flowering. By JANET CURREN OWEN. *Harpers.* 7s. 6d.

The Brown Rifle. By MERLE COLBY. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Of the twelve Caesars, Claudius was the most inoffensive and at first sight one of the least noteworthy. The Imperial power came to him by accident; only a pair of feet glimpsed beneath a curtain during the tumultuous hour that followed Caligula's death betrayed him to the excited and bewildered conspirators, and it was only their whim that elevated this middle-aged, ungainly, stuttering and limping, supposedly half-idiotic personage to a dignity he was supremely anxious to escape. . . . Such, at all events, is the story told by Suetonius. The fourth Caesar was a kind of Roman Hamlet, though he feigned idiocy not to avenge his father's murder, but with the yet more understandable purpose of saving his own skin. In that respect he was successful for many years; having disarmed the cold and calculating malignity of his grandmother, Livia, he wriggled by hook or crook through the clutches of his nephew and his uncle, both maniacs, both morose and insanely suspicious, both intolerant of distinction among their relatives. The affectation of insignificance was Claudius' strength. In *I, Claudius*, Mr. Robert Graves has depicted with very great skill the mixture of simplicity and deep duplicity, of weakness and persistent obstinate shrewdness, that enabled him to emerge unhurt from the Imperial slaughter-house. Mr. Graves' style suits his subject-matter. Written as an autobiography, his narrative, which takes us up to Claudius' enthronement in the year 41 A.D., does not strain after verisimilitude and yet conveys the impression of an authentic and laboriously documented life-story, the work of a prosy but cunning scholar,

an historian who records the tragedies of his immediate circle with a certain dry and even humorous detachment.

Claudius displays a lovable lack of heroism. It would be unfair to suggest that Mr. Graves has written a burlesque version of some of the more tragic and lurid passages of Roman Imperial history; but part of the charm of his narrative depends on the opposition between the narrator's character—prosaic, humdrum, ambitious merely of the peace and quiet that are never his—and the murderous, megalomaniac figures surrounding him. The tradition of Imperial divinity had begun with Augustus. According to Mr. Graves, who in this, as in other particulars, draws on his historical imagination, it was Livia—Claudius' grandmother and Augustus' third wife—who persuaded her husband to join the ranks of the Olympian gods, thus paving the way for the extravagances of that sinister and freakish madman who harangued Capitoline Jove in his own sanctuary. Yet a divine figure-head was the necessary pivot of a world-wide empire. Being primarily a domestic narrative, *I, Claudius* does not concern itself with larger political questions; and what Mr. Graves has given us is an idiosyncratic and slightly fantastic picture of life in Roman court circles as it affected—or *might* have affected—one small, self-effacing timid man, Brer Rabbit amid a troop of crazy foxes. . . . From this point of view the story is excellent. Some readers, it is true, may be disappointed because the narrative, flowing along with numerous digressions and involutions, never reaches a single dramatic crescendo; but there are other critics for whom his very economy of emphasis, the matter-of-fact lucidity with which Claudius reels off his intricate and blood-stained family saga, will provide additional proof of the novelist's literary cunning. The interest of the story is well sustained. Mr. Graves' imagination is extremely fertile; and if his treatment of history recalls Suetonius rather than Tacitus it is less suggestive of Suetonius in the original than in the Elizabethan prose of Philemon Holland. Like Holland, he has a poetic and fantastic verve, and lends his protagonists the homely buskins of English melodrama.

I, Claudius is a long book, but it is rarely dull. It meanders forward, and throughout its considerable length—almost five hundred closely printed pages—we feel that the author is enjoying himself and that his subject continues to grow and ramify under his hand, one incident suggesting the next, one observation prompting another, till history and downright fantasy have become confused. The prose style is restrained, but unusually vivid. Moreover, Mr. Graves is working to no prescribed or mechanical pattern; whereas, in Mr. Louis Bromfield's volume of modern American stories, we seem to be conscious of just the reverse—of a method which does not grow out of his subject-matter, but receives and compresses it, in the fashion of a tin cake-tray or china jelly-mould. Each story is of exactly the right size and contains exactly the right amount of material. Mr. Bromfield's method is brisk and neat; but I am afraid that the title of his book—intended, presumably, to reflect upon his characters—might also be applied to their literary settings. *Here To-day*—as very readable long short stories—they soon vanish—almost as soon as one has turned the page.

Of the four stories in Mr. Bromfield's collection, the last—*No.* 55—has already been re-edited by a Hollywood scenario-writer and appeared some months ago as *Night After Night*, with George Raft, Constance Cummings, Alison Skipworth and—then in a very minor role—the incomparable and devastating Mae West. I am only surprised that *Miss Mehaffy* has not yet enjoyed the same good fortune; this story, of how a quiet American spinster, in whose unobtrusive person boiled the turbulent blood of her parents, Big Annie and Two-Gun Joe, came to New York and displayed her mettle among the gangsters, would make an admirable tragi-comic talkie. *The Listener* is the portrait of a lonely woman; *De Luxe* draws an effective, but perhaps a slightly too obvious, contrast between the strength and beauty of a great transatlantic liner on a record-breaking trip, and the foolishness and listlessness of its cargo of rich, idle, unhappy passengers. . . . No, his new book does not do justice to Mr. Bromfield's talent. Equally disappointing, after her first novel, *Family Reunion*, is Miss Janet Curren Owen's *Late Flowering*, a book in which the preciosity of the style is unsupported by any real subtlety of observation, a feminine and fussy piece of work, thickly embroidered with somewhat embarrassing purple passages:

> When she reached up and with her two golden slender arms pushed apart the curtains, she freed the day, released it as from a wide prison. Boundless and athletic, the clean air fell upon her, rapidly sculped in creamy satin the slight moons of her breasts. She retreated before its impact, but the sight of the earth which had suffered the strange heat of the lightning and the tingling penetration of the warm rain held and entranced her. She perceived, her eyes widened and quick of glance . . . the outlines of the farthest hills washed out in the spreading tincture of the sun, and closer, the wonderfully gentle convexity of hummocks which were like women who had lain down and opened their gowns.

No wonder Katharine disagreed with her husband. A creature compact of moods and whimsies, when she dusted the sitting-room—particularly when she caressed the little marble statues that Paul had brought home from an Italian tour—"the bulbs of her finger tips seemed twice their normal size and sand-papered to aching sensitivity." Mere amorous dalliance she could not abear—at any rate, until she encountered Michael; from whom she bounced back again in the direction of Paul. Adultery had somehow facilitated the business of matrimony; and the book ends on a hopeful and voluptuous note.

The theme of *The Brown Rifle* is more uncomplicated. To every reader who takes an interest in American history and enjoys stories of pioneering life, I recommend this study of the growth of a town. "Towards" sprang up round a single cabin. Mr. Colby does not dramatise his characters, and does not claim for their struggle against the wilderness, and for their struggle to maintain their rights when the land was won, any merit save that of rewarded effort, but is content to write a plain and straightforward narrative. Were there more novelists as unpretentious as Mr. Colby, reviewing fiction might be a steadier and quieter task. PETER QUENNELL

CURZON

Curzon. The Last Phase, 1919–1925. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 18*s.*

In her last volume of Memoirs, Lady Oxford describes how her life-long friendship with Curzon was broken by his pettiness and pusillanimity. Her husband called her a goose for having ever taken Curzon seriously. "What I was slow to perceive," she wrote, "was a self-engagement which grew upon him till it became a wire entanglement from which he could not escape." He was apt to assume that if his own attitude was correct, nothing else mattered. "He lost sight of the pursuit in the gesture, and rested on his oars long before the race was won." Mr. Nicolson's brilliant account of Curzon's final period amply supports this analysis. He was deficient, Mr. Nicolson explains, in a sense of proportion. That, I take it, was because at a very early age he had got Nathaniel Curzon badly out of perspective in his picture of the world. "It seemed," Mr. Nicolson writes, "incredible to him that Oriental countries should not welcome as a gift of Providence the presence at the Foreign Office of a man of his knowledge, sympathy and understanding." Again, "he resented the precision, the lucidity, the deductive reasoning of the French as an impudent parody of qualities which he regarded as especially his own." Or take the story of Chanak in which, at the critical moment, Lord Curzon evaded sharing responsibility for a dangerous decision and then insisted on going alone to beard M. Poincaré in his wrath. Face to face with the French Prime Minister he administered a sharp lecture on the treachery of the French. When M. Poincaré replied with something more than equal acerbity, Lord Curzon hurriedly left the room and collapsed on a red settee. "He grasped Lord Hardinge by the arm. 'Charley,' he panted, 'I can't bear that horrid little man. I can't bear him. I can't bear him.' He wept." Was not Lord Oxford right in saying that you could not take Curzon seriously?

Lord Oxford still seems to me right even when we take into account all the good qualities to which Mr. Nicolson does full justice. For Mr. Nicolson liked Lord Curzon and achieves in his account a remarkable objectivity. He explains that Lord Curzon was really an expert and often able from superior knowledge and long experience of the East to come to right conclusions when the intuitive methods of Mr. Lloyd George proved to be mistaken. He makes the best defence he can for Lord Curzon's preference for remaining in office even when he was treated on major issues as a sinecure. He makes us laugh at Lord Curzon's Roman pose, his comic ignorance (or affectation of ignorance) of ordinary life, at his pedantry and sentimentality, at his famous objection to a "gláss and brass" inkstand, at the delicious remark about the working-class *bé-ano* which would take place on Armistice Night. But he checks our laughter by reminding us that Lord Curzon's "petulance"—quite as characteristic as the "pomposity" usually attributed to him—arose in part at least from

DICKENS and his WIFE

NEW LETTERS IN THE TIMES

A series of articles commenting upon and including a number of unpublished letters written by Charles Dickens to his wife, Catherine, will begin in THE TIMES on Monday May 14. These letters were given by their daughter Kate (Mrs. Perugini) to the British Museum for publication at the proper time.

The correspondence falls naturally into three parts. The first part contains the letters written by the young and unknown journalist to the girl he had chosen for a wife; the second, domestic communications and travel descriptions by the eminent author; the third, a few brief notes extorted by common courtesy from a lost husband. This series throws much new light on the story of Dickens's marriage and separation.

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constant pain and ill-health, that his belief that he was badly treated was sometimes justified, that having ceased to weep over his disappointments he was capable of viewing them with a genial detachment and, more surprising, that he was capable of finding a rich enjoyment in repeating stories about himself which had made him a public laughing stock. I suspect that his appreciation of these stories was due not only to his natural sense of humour, but also to the fact that they fitted into that picture which he deliberately built up of himself as the last great Patrician, the Roman Imperialist, the hem of whose toga was undefiled by the stain of common life.

Mr. Nicolson is at his best in descriptive writing. Nothing could be better than his handling of the diplomatic scene and his comments on the various superior persons who figured at Cannes, Genoa and Lausanne. He is as caustic and also as objective about Mr. Lloyd George as about Lord Curzon. He describes exactly why the theoretically correct solutions which Lord Curzon evolved for the future of the near East after the war were impossible to Mr. Lloyd George, who was hampered by the Secret Treaties and by the necessity of finding compensation for hungry Powers, disappointed of promised acquisitions in Europe. How could the two mix? The Foreign Secretary, experienced and finicky, formal, starchily contemptuous of the public, of the press and of everything slapdash; the Prime Minister, flushed with triumph and as sensitive to movements of opinion as a sales-manager, living by intuitions which were always, as Mr. Nicolson says, "encouraged by his loathing of the traditional, by his distrust of technical experience, by his marked dislike of all but the most amenable forms of knowledge, by immense self-assurance and by an aversion to detail which was almost pathological." As long as Mr. Lloyd George was there Lord Curzon's humiliation was inevitable, and it is clear that he only bore it in the hope (to be so bitterly disappointed) that Lloyd George's eventual fall would be the signal for his own elevation to the Premiership.

Mr. Nicolson has a purpose beyond the description of conferences and the portrayal of personalities. His book is the third of a trilogy in which he has set out to prove from the detailed comparison of pre-war and post-war years a very interesting thesis. Briefly it is that the post-war open diplomacy—"open Covenants openly arrived at"—has been a failure because the negotiations as well as the policies have been subject to the gusts of public opinion. "Open Covenants" he favours; to attempt to arrive at them openly is foolishness. The old diplomacy, he argues, was bad because it committed peoples to obligations and plunged them into wars without consulting them. So far the democratic idea of "consent" should and must supersede the Roman idea of "authority." But he is no less sure that negotiations are an expert job which should never be carried on by politicians with an eye to the next election. He tabulates the virtues and vices of the diplomatic expert side by side with those of the politician. Mr. Nicolson does not share Mr. Lloyd George's view of the expert, and the politician comes off badly in the comparison. We may accept without hesitation his main point that democracy has failed to find the true relationship between the expert negotiator and the responsible and responsive politician. It must be added, however, that Mr. Nicolson, brilliant as a literary artist and intelligent and humane as a commentator, is a trifle amateurish as a political theorist. He talks, for instance—and the instance will serve to illustrate the whole criticism—about "public opinion" without making any attempt to define or analyse that much-abused phrase. It is no novelty of post-war diplomacy for statesmen to plead public opinion as an excuse for indefensible policies and on several occasions in the nineteenth century public opinion has been made responsible for wars that statesmen privately admitted to be unnecessary. The realities of post-war and pre-war diplomacy have not, I think, changed as much as Mr. Nicolson suggests. When ministers plead "public opinion" how far have they themselves manipulated it? How far does it signify the will of the press magnate, acting on behalf of those influences which have always dominated the Council Chamber, but which in democratic conditions have to control newspapers in order to accomplish what could once have been done more simply and discreetly? Mr. Nicolson's own account of the story of the British in Egypt or the Near East might have prompted him to a profounder analysis of this problem of democracy. And not only of formal democracy. Mr. Nicolson would, I think, agree that though the representatives of dictatorships may be free from the temptations of Mr. Lloyd George, they are probably more, not less, amenable to "public opinion." No, the phrase as it stands just means nothing. I suggest to Mr. Nicolson that his next book should be devoted to a thorough investigation of the forces at work behind the diplomatic events he has described with such ability and vivacity. His generalisation that diplomacy should be private and its objects public is the beginning, not the end, of an investigation.

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A WAY TO SOCIAL PEACE

A Way to Social Peace. By WICKHAM STEED. *Allen and Unwin.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

In these Lectures for the Halley Stewart Trust, Mr. Wickham Steed argues that no sound solution of the human problems embedded in capitalism can be found either in Socialism or in the Corporate State of a Mussolini or a Hitler. The human defect of capitalism is that the inert factor, capital, moulds to its purposes the human factor, labour, a condition that becomes more intolerable with every increase in the mechanism of modern production. What is to be done? Adventurous initiative and profit as its stimulus and reward are essential to industrial progress. These preclude dictatorship of the proletariat and the claims to the "whole product of labour." On the other hand, private capitalism entrenched in economic and political power is visibly failing. Mr. Wickham Steed puts with much skill and vigour the case for co-partnership as illustrated in a well-known New Zealand experiment, when the workers are put into the place usually occupied by the common shareholder, as claimant to any surplus assets after a reasonable remuneration for capital. Thus the employees in proportion to "the value of their services" (how estimated?) would have three sources of income, their ordinary wage or salary, the interest upon the labour shares they acquired, and any balance of profits that might be available. They would have, through elected directors, a minority of seats upon the board and a full access to all information. Thus the structure of the business might be adequately humanised. Why is there so little disposition on the part either of capital or labour to adopt this settlement of industrial strife? Partly, no doubt, because of the reluctance of capital owners to share either the profits they regard themselves as having earned or the knowledge and control

of business policy. Partly, because the effect of the experiment would be to detach the employees in a business from other employees and break up the solidarity of labour. Again, taking the wider social aspect, the tendency of experiments along this line might be to array the capital and labour in the several industries against the consumer, whether the final consumer or other industries. Mr. Steed does not ignore these difficulties, but he fails to perceive that any adequate protection of the consumers involves an amount of co-ordination and of State intervention which would come very near to the Socialism he rejects.

J. A. H.

AN ENGLISH CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

Lawrence of Lucknow. By PROFESSOR J. L. MORISON. *Bell.* 15s.

The Reform Bill of 1832 was paralleled in India by the Act of 1833, which "recognised as an indisputable principle that the interests of the native subjects are to be consulted in preference to those of Europeans whenever the two come in conflict." Sir Henry Lawrence observed both the spirit and the letter of this Act—an interpretation of it which accounts for his success as administrator among the Sikhs in the Punjab, and for the partial eclipse which he suffered when "the interests of the native subjects" were considered to be best served by a policy of conquest and expansion under Dalhousie. But his liberal views, his feelings of sympathy with and understanding of the conquered Sikhs (lax and dangerous as these must have appeared to the imperial mind) were triumphantly vindicated at the time of the Mutiny when it would not be an exaggeration to say that India was won back from the Punjab. Although, indeed, the actual organisation of the men and material for the relief of Delhi was left in the competent hands of his brother John, it had been Henry's policy of courtesy and conciliation which made this measure—thought by many to be a dangerous gamble—not merely comparatively safe, but the only resource left to us with which to win back an empire well nigh lost through the imperial madness which afflicted the minds of India statesmen just before the Mutiny.

During the reign of Queen Victoria the world was overrun by a crowd of English Christian Gentlemen: knights-errant whose highest ambition lay not so much in the pursuit of temporal honours—though these were not always rejected—as in a desire to exhibit in their lives and works the personification of the ideal in which they believed, an ideal which they devoutly imagined to have been held by their Master. Their private lives were to be blameless, the authority for their most controversial actions entirely disinterested. A becoming sanctity pervades the reports and despatches and diaries of the time; and it is made increasingly clear to the modern student that the Empire was given to us by the Saints. Livingstone in darkest Africa, Gordon in every corner of the world, the Lawrences in India were never without their Bibles; and though, generally speaking, there was an inclination to study the Old Testament in preference to the New, even Darwin, tossing about on the *Beagle*, enters a resolution in his diary to reserve Sundays for the study of the Greek Testament. (As the voyage progressed he seems to have substituted Milton.) It was this sublime temper which justified to General Neill his savage edict at Cawnpore; and made Nicholson "appeal to Holy Writ in support of the logical arguments which he adduced." But while there is authority in Holy Writ for sterner punishments than the wholesale hanging of six thousand "natives," no doubt seems to have entered the minds of those Christian executioners as to the logic of basing a mass murder by a civilised world power on the eye for an eye law of a small barbaric tribe. No, they had searched their hearts and their Bibles and were confident of the purity of their punishments. "The Sepoys will see that we punish to deter, and not for vengeance," wrote Sir John Lawrence. So the indiscriminate hangings continued; and it is to be hoped that the Sepoys realised both the righteousness of our motives and the distinction between deterrence and vengeance. But all that the world is now prepared to recognise is the astonishing *self*-righteousness of the English Christian Gentleman in the nineteenth century.

Professor Morison's biography makes it clear, at once, that Sir Henry conformed to the prevailing standards of righteousness: but that he was self-righteous his administrative ability would seem to deny. On his arrival in India, we are informed "that he did not join the Regimental Hunt then existing, nor did he frequent

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the billiards-room or the Regimental theatre." He turned from the debauched pleasures of military life to the purer (though, perhaps, more hysterical) society of "a group of evangelical officers" living together "in a large house which they called Fairy Hall." That he came under the influence of this group for a time is certain: it is equally certain that the new recruit had views of his own which, even if the Burmese War and subsequent leave in England had not intervened, would sooner or later have made his residence at Fairy Hall impossible. In temper he was "sulky and violent"; he was "impatient of friendly rebuke and counsel"; worst of all: "Lawrence does not seem to comprehend the doctrine of original sin." These were great handicaps, no doubt, in the eyes of Lewin and Craufurd; but the unfanatical outlook they indicate served him well in later life, when he was called upon to administer a recently conquered country, and to mix in a world of oriental intrigue very much opposed to the idealistic tenets of the English Christian Gentleman. By modern standards he appears strict and unbending, but compared with his colleagues he was as tolerant and impartial as, believing implicitly in a narrow code, it was possible for him to be. An extract from one of his journals, quoted by Professor Morison, shows the direction his thoughts naturally took when he was not engrossed in his work.

> I'll try to look after myself as to
>
> Anger,
> Tidiness,
> Procrastination,
> Regularity; to do as far as possible any Nepal work before breakfast, and to devote Saturday to bringing up all arrears of Nepal work, and letter-writing. Sunday to be kept holy as the day of rest and preparation for heaven. No newspapers to be opened on Sunday. I pray God's blessing on my weak endeavours as to the above, and also to enable me to set an example to my children, that they may love me, and have reason for doing so.

If he was never quite able to look after himself as to anger and tidiness, there was little of procrastination and much of regularity in his untiring devotion to duty. But if these noble sentiments and the industrious disposition they represent constituted the most important features in Lawrence's character, he could hardly have been distinguished, at this date, from a thousand contemporaries equally hard-working, equally earnest. The fact is that his principle was smaller than his practice. His schools and hostels and barracks; his constant endeavours to better the conditions of the white troops, mentally and physically; his exceeding care for the education of their children; his interest in the development of agriculture by means of intensive irrigation; his intimate knowledge of the Punjab, the North-West Provinces, Nepal and Rajputana; above all, his intelligent interpretation of the Act of 1833, marked him out as the natural successor to Canning. His appointment came too late to reward his labours: he was killed by a shell at the seige of Lucknow. It is invidious to speculate as to what would have been the outcome of his term of office, but that it would have seen a vast, perhaps permanent, improvement in the mutual relations of Indian and Englishman is beyond question.

I believe that two small criticisms of Professor Morison's book are justified. Biography is not best served by always presenting the subject in a favourable light: man is known as much by his vices as his virtues, and no man is entirely without either. The reader, whose standard of moral values may differ from Professor Morison's, will see more of the prig than the hero in Sir Henry—which certainly was not the case. And lastly, since the Professor has had access to Lawrence's private papers and journals, he seems to have lost an opportunity in not quoting more extensively from them. But this is an important book.

RICHARD STRACHEY

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The Genus Meconopsis. By GEORGE TAYLOR. *New Flora and Silva.* 20s.

Gardens of Delight. By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE. *Medici Society.* 15s.

It was in 1814 that Viguier, who must have been a sort of horticultural Sherlock Holmes, began to probe into the antecedents of the beautiful and prolific *Papaver Cambricum*, the delicate orange Welsh poppy. The sufferings of flowers at the hands of botanists are many, and it was Viguier who triumphantly discovered that *Papaver Cambricum* was not a *Papaver* at all, but of the tribe *Papavereae* or *Pavaveraceae*, which was much as if he had discovered illegitimacy in a noble and unstained house. For *Papaver Cambricum* was then dismissed for ever from its line, and became instead a *Meconopsis*, Viguier regarding that genus as intermediate between *Papaver* and *Argemone*. The new family was not recognised, at least for some years. It was a floral outsider. Yet there seems to be nothing wrong with the blood, which looks in fact quite classical:

> Calyx diphyllus, caducus; corolla tetrapetala; stamina numerosissima; antherae lateraliter dehiscentes; *stylus brevis;* stigmata radiantia, *convexa, libera, et non sessilia saper discum*, persistentia. Capsula unilocularis, valvulis dehisceas; dissepimenta parva.

True, the diagnosis is made in that cranky compilation of huge Latin epithets which Farrer ridiculed exactly a hundred years later, a method for which neither he nor I nor any of us except the descendants of Viguier has much use, but the blood is there. Moreover, the family, now a large one, has become not only recognised but very much honoured and loved among gardeners. All except poor *Meconopsis Cambrica*, which has passed almost into the limbo of weeds. Nevertheless, *Cambrica* is still the type-species, in spite of its forty gorgeous Eastern relatives. The term poppy, remnant of its illegitimacy, still clings to it, and has become attached also to M. *betonicifolia* (syn. *Baileyi*) now the most popular of the species, the blue-poppy of every nurseryman, the delight and wonder of all the dear parochial old ladies at Chelsea, and the trump-card of every gardener who wants to dazzle his uninitiated friends. And Veguier or no Veguier, *betonicifolia* is a blue-poppy: no other name will do for the crinkled satin blue buds opening out of hairy cups, and the smooth, sky-coloured petals. Mr. E. H. M. Cox, in his brief chapter on the cultivation of civilised species, complains that the "genus is not so popular in gardens as it should be," which may be due to Robinson's perfectly horrific description of how it should be grown, for good nurserymen now catalogue seeds of roughly half of the cultivated species, of which *Regia*, yellow-blossomed with olive-green and silver leaves, is probably the grandest, and *betonicifolia* and the biennials the easiest. Nor are Farrer's instructions, which resemble orders to a plumber, of much help. He recommends a subterranean water system which is almost as terrifying as some of Mr. Taylor's botanical observations. No doubt he would be astonished

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and delighted to know now of the ease with which *betonificolia*, for instance, has established itself here without the aid of the water-board.

Levity is the prerogative, sometimes, of the reviewer; especially of the reviewer who is also a gardener; but it is a quality in which botanists seem to be utterly lacking. Thus, Mr. Taylor's treatise on this most lovely genus, the meconopsis, is as humourless in its dry technicalities as an advanced school trigonometry. The notes on the cultivation of introduced species are wickedly brief. And he will have only himself to blame if his book appeals to no more than a score or two of people, and those mostly fellow-botanists. His thirty photographs, both of species in cultivation and in natural habitat, are the redeeming feature of the book.

Good photographs are abundant, too, in Miss Eleanour Sinclair Rohde's book, which belongs not to the realm of botanical horrors, thankfully, but to the world of personal delight. Her book is a good example of the catholic and discursive type of gardening book which Miss Jekyll, in the 'nineties, made popular. Some idea of the progress in the establishment of new species and of the meconopsis in particular can be gathered from the fact that whereas Miss Jekyll, thirty years ago, mentioned only one meconopsis and that a biennial, Miss Rohde gives descriptions of fifteen. I dare say Miss Rohde, like myself, does not know that in *meconopsis Quintuplinerva* the lamina is "obovate to narrowly oblanceolate elliptic or lanceolate, longitudinally (3-5-) nerved," but her heart is right. H. E. BATES

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Fr. Mathew made name and reputation with his book last year on *The Celtic Peoples and Renaissance Europe*; now, along with his brother, he examines another aspect, the monastic, of the conflict between the medieval idea of Catholicism and the new forces brought into play by the Renaissance State. This time, instead of the backward-looking Celts, he takes the equally backward-looking Carthusians; he describes the state of the order, its organisation and its rule of life centred upon the Grande Chartreuse, before narrowing down his focus to the impact of the Reformation upon them in England, and its issue in the Carthusian martyrdoms. Frs. Mathew give a very beguiling picture, refined and exquisite in its detail, of the innocence of the Carthusian mind; but were they so ignorant of their own interests, if indeed they were of high politics? The Reformation can hardly have come so unexpectedly to the monks; for years, in circles like that of Erasmus, there was an expectation of some such attack; after Wolsey's fall in England, most people in touch with the governance of the Church realised that the blow could not be long delayed. Frs. Mathew point to the keynote of the monastic life as being "provided by a turning to God, whose influence seemed everywhere so visible in the developed consciousness of Christian life"; but how in this case do they interpret the Reformation?

The answer is that they do not try; they seek only to describe, taking a whole framework of belief as given. With this fundamentally uncritical point of view, they cannot be regarded as historians; nevertheless, they are among the most sensitive and interesting of historical writers. A. L. ROWSE

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ENGLAND'S HEIRESS

The Collected Poems of V. Sackville-West. Vol. I. *Hogarth Press.* 10s. 6d. Limited Edition, signed by the Author, £2 2s.

This collection of poems has a double interest: first, its beauty, and, secondly, its historical position. Unified and complete, it stands like a frontier tower on the border of a land that we are leaving behind. That land is the England which is vanishing; the England of a ripe and comely rural civilisation which has been sung by Crabbe, Cowper, Thomson, Gray, Tennyson, Hardy, Bridges, and Blunden. Blunden, too, has bidden it farewell, and turned to the cloister and an agony of his own. Whether we wish it or not, we all have to offer our farewell, and face about to another England that has yet to mellow for the poets of the future to gather and convert into music. That will be a countryside of physical comfort, noisy with modern amenities; the tractor, the bus, the radio, the aeroplane. People who were born in the vanished England cannot yet acclimatise themselves to the change, and suffer from the delusion that the possibilities of bucolic poetry are dead. They cling to the past, amateur anatomists of melancholy, re-reading the autumnal songs that gather more and more mists of pathos as the world they celebrated recedes.

Miss Sackville-West is conscious that she is one of these people, and that her music represents their golden and almost enjoyable despair. In the most deep-sounding of her poems, "Sissinghurst," she pictures herself as "a tired swimmer in the waves of time," moving vainly in the tides of memory.

> . . . by birthright far from present fashion,
> As no disturber of the mirrored trance
> I move, and to the world above the waters
> Wave my incognisance.

And again, she says that:

> I let a plummet down in lieu of date,
> And lose myself within a slumber
> Submerged, elate.

She is therefore aware that the things and traditions which are valuable to her are already embalmed in time, no longer full of surprise or the excitement of change. The very life she values is dying; a life in death, like a widow's grief consoling itself with a love greater than she ever felt in the joys of marriage. In spite of the many intimacies of labour and country-custom that Miss Sackville-West sings, this is the overtone of her verse; elegiac and autumnal; very beautiful and serene, like bell-music over September fields. Time imparts these qualities even to the gayest fabrics. The Paston letters; Elizabethan rooms; old lace; Haydn's merry moods; they are all saddened now with the touch of time. This modern poet seems to have caught up the chemistry of that process, submitting her mind and mood to it, so that her verse, no matter what subject it may choose, what hour it may select, is redolent and saturated with this subduing stain.

It may be argued that she is thus affected by her subject; but I doubt if that is the whole argument. The fate, the environment of an artist is not the whole factor. I doubt even if it sets the dominant of his work. I see rather more mystery than that in

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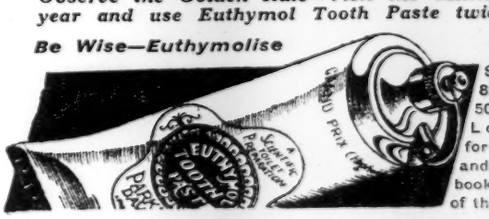

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the synthesis. It is true—as Addington Symonds believed—that the artist is fettered by his period. But it is the way he wears his fetters which distinguishes him, and gives him a unique and permanent value. So with Miss Sackville-West; while we recognise the restrictions imposed upon her by place and time (and their inter-action), we ultimately appreciate her for the personality which uses and pervades that predicament. For myself, I find this personality of the poet always, and in all moods, acceptable and satisfying. It has that rare quality, grace. Cowper had it in abundance; and I think it is the secret of the likeness between these two poets. It explains why they both love quietude; why they both are gentle and grave and deliberate.

Then again I find in Miss Sackville-West an aloofness that amounts sometimes to an artificiality. Here she has an affinity with Thomas Gray. It gives them both a sense of reserve and dignity that forbids and therefore invites approach, and touches the movement of their verses with a stateliness as in a *pavane*. This quality can carry them both over moments and moods where a more spontaneous and exalted poet would drop to a commonplace saunter. Where it goes with inspiration, it enriches it with a formality that is regal. We know how Gray could wear the purple. Here is an example from the other:

> The owl with short and silent stroke
> Deadly to field-fare or to mouse,
> Slants from the apple to the oak
> Across the orchard near the house;
> And through the grasses creep the small
> Creatures of twilight, hid by day;
> The snail beside the garden wall,
> The mole on his myopic way.

She can offer us a line, such as:

> The sower with his gesture like a gift

and

> Exalted, deathly, silent and alone.

All these examples are most characteristic of this poet. Their technique (notice the lovely use of the labial in the last) is an emanation of the very spirit of the person who creates it; betraying her cultural origins, and also the very hand-touch, lips, eyes, and hair-perfume of her spirit. As in Gray, the aloofness, the convention, only attract attention to the shyness they are intended to disguise. The failure becomes one of the excellences of the poets' style; savouring the poetic dish with a touch of intrigue, of duplicity more innocent than naivety can ever be.

Such the circumstances, such the character, which make *The Land* one of the most complete and beautiful bucolics written in English. It is so satisfying a poem that one tends to neglect her other work, and to reread it again and again, just as one lingers before a landscape dear by association and present beauty; lingers, perhaps, when one should be gone, to fight one's way in the world of to-day and to-morrow. RICHARD CHURCH

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It is true that the records of the English criminal courts can show no case comparable to the Ardlamont mystery, which is the subject of Mr. Roughead's first essay. On the other hand the leading characters—the victim, the alleged murderer and his assistant, were all English birds of passage; and, as Mr. Roughead hints, had Alfred John Monson been tried by his own countrymen, he would not have fared so well. The victim was Eric Hambrough, a militia subaltern, still under age. Monson, the scallywag of a very distinguished family, occupied in some sort the position of his tutor, and in virtue of a complicated system of fraud in which insurance policies played a large part he stood to gain by the lad's death. On the morning of August 10th, 1893, Eric Hambrough was found dead in a plantation, shot through the head. Monson's suggestion that the sad affair was accidental, that the poor boy's gun had gone off while he was crossing a fence, was not regarded as satisfactory, and he was tried for murder. Thanks to the combination of a brilliant leader for the defence and a painfully diffident Judge on the Bench an impressionable jury took refuge in the verdict of *Not Proven*. The Judge in question, the late Lord Kingsburgh, many years afterwards gave an account of his own agonised state of mind during the trial, how "morning after morning I awoke long before my usual time and lay in a dull perspiration, turning things over and over." Lord Kingsburgh was an excellent lawyer and the most kindly of men, but he should never have been raised to a position involving the trial of grave crime.

Another of Mr. Roughead's pets was also alien to Scotland, exotic indeed—Eugène Marie Chantrelle, teacher of French in Edinburgh, who was hanged in 1878 for poisoning his wife. From the forensic point of view Chantrelle's case is of little interest; never was there a clumsier poisoner: but it is, as Mr. Roughead would say, an "attaching" study in Victorian middle-class manners, while the character of Chantrelle himself is as fantastic as any in the pages of Wilkie Collins. Not so fantastic, however, as one of whom Scotland has been accustomed to say "totus noster est." High up on the Carrick cliffs near Ballantrae there is a deep cavern which charabanc guides point out to this day. There, in the reign of James VI and I, lurked one Sawney Beane and the infand increase of his noxious loins. (Mr. Roughead's latinising is catching.) As the veracious Captain Johnson relates and everybody knows, it was the custom of this unconventional family to kill, spoil and devour anybody who was foolish enough to pass that way. The devouring was the main thing. The ogres were at last rooted out by the valiant King himself at the head of a force of four hundred men, conveyed to Edinburgh and there dealt with according to the royal ingenuity in making the punishment fit the crime. I forbear from details. Mr. Roughead may be consulted by the curious. But Mr. Roughead adds sorrowfully that Mr. Sawney Beane is just about as historical a personage as Mr. Sweeny Tod. He even goes so far as to say this famous Scot was the invention of some early eighteenth century pamphleteer—Defoe, as likely as not.

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ADDRESS

Well, let us Scots with a sigh give up Sawney Beane. No amount of historical criticism can ever deprive us of people like "Holy Willie" Bennison, bigamist, poisoner and "saint." The fact that Bennison was by birth an Irishman is neither here nor there. It was in Scotland that he found it possible to be a "burning and a shining light," and, as Mr. Roughead points out at some length, he was excelled by many native products. There was, for example, the young Highland schoolmaster, Hugh Macleod, who suffered at Inverness in 1830 for knocking a packman on the head with a hammer.

> On the Sunday night preceding the execution, we are told that several ministers performed religious exercises with the prisoner. This proving dry work, some refreshments were called for and *they requested him to ask a blessing*, which he did, holding forth for half an hour with a force, fluency, and correctness which delighted all the company! From the scaffold he addressed for a quarter of an hour the great crowd assembled to see him off, exhorting his hearers to abstain from whisky and to eschew the seductions of strange women. Then, having sung a psalm, he departed on his last journey.

"From scenes like these, etc."

Rogues Walk Here, apart from any other merits, is perhaps the finest example of Mr. Roughead's distinctive prose. As a stylist he is in a class by himself. He is in his way as artificial as Stevenson, but never affected; and he has achieved a very remarkable *tour de force* in showing how beautiful classical English can be refashioned in a Scottish mould.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Saga of the Comstock Lode. By GEORGE D. LYMAN. *Scribner's.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a highly coloured history of the gold mines at Washoe from the "rush" in 1859 to the flooding out and subsequent abandonment in 1865. Mr. Lyman has made a very diligent search in the State Library at Sacramento, and most of his anecdotes are culled from old San Francisco newspaper files. It is not a history in the sense that it records the major events of the "working," such as the war with the Piutes; the political issues, important to the miners, concerning the secession of the South; or the relations between the directors of the mines and their labourers. Nor is there a detailed scientific account of the many new methods of extracting silver from the rock, which originated at the Comstock; nor of the famous "honeycomb" formation of Derdesheimer. All these facts are mentioned, but are obviously considered too dull for Mr. Lyman's public. He concentrates, rather, on mustangs and bad men, on derringers and tarantula juice—of which there is rather too much for an educated palate. But the book is lively; and there is a fairly full discussion of Mark Twain's first literary adventures. The Menken—actress, boxer, Swinburne's Dolores in one—brings a rich feast to the Sun Mountain in her famous role of Mazeppa, the Tartar Prince. The book is illustrated with some amusing American and European contemporary prints.

Tadpoles and God. By LAURENCE OLIVER. *Nicholson and Watson.* 6*s.*

Mr. Oliver belongs to the Bellocian, hard Knox school of criticism, whose motto is to take the letter and let the spirit go, and whose method is to prove a man a bad architect by knocking him down with a loose brick which is never a keystone. His aim is to debunk Progress and its prophets and declare the glory and potency of the Catholic Church; he is better in the first part, though most of what he has to say we have already heard from his masters—Wells, in particular, is made to look very silly in selected quotation, but Shaw, Keith and Frazer have also a rough time of it. Mr. Oliver is, however, at his most characteristic on Jesus, concerning whom he evidently has private information, for he assures us: "Jesus was a miracle-worker; to that extent the gospels are truthful records." He proceeds to argue: "Jesus is either God or a dead lunatic." Regarding some of the wise sayings of Jesus the lunatic view is untenable, and so: "There remains only the orthodox Christian view." And a few pages on "we are compelled to admit that the only Christian group which resembles the church instituted by Jesus is the one called Roman Catholic." Thus it is "that the Church survives when all else perishes." We must hope that Mr. Oliver is convinced by his arguments for few others are likely to be.

More Spook Stories. By E. F. BENSON. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Truth is not stranger than fiction when ghost stories are the material in hand. Although an indication of the lamentable weakness and dependence of the aesthetic sense, it is nevertheless a fact that accounts of true ghosts are crammed with extraneous apologies and suggestions scientific or ethical in origin. The writer of stories is not hampered in this way and, as Mr. E. F. Benson shows in his latest volume, *More Spook Stories*, family hatred or heartless behaviour to a Levantine is potent to explain the most fearful of disasters. Most of these stories are well put together, although occasionally an important character is late in making its appearance, and most of them end with an effective situation, only rather too often it has been foreseen from the beginning, or from the title of the tale. The material is often familiar—a wishing-well, the curse on the case of a mummy—but Mr. Benson is sensitively aware of fear in all its stages, and one of the stories, dealing with the pranks of a Victorian poltergeist in an ultra-modern studio, is original and amusing.

Life's Mosaic. By A. M. W. STIRLING. *Unicorn Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The plan on which this book is arranged, grouping together anecdotes and comments, sporting, romantic, matrimonial and the rest, is a good one and the comments are admirably sparse and appropriate. The most animated chapters are those reminiscent of Victorian days, which Mrs. Stirling, warmly, and giving good reason, prefers to our own. We are told or reminded of any number of titbits; of the occasion when their suite had much to convince a hotelkeeper that Victoria and Albert were "highly respectable," of the self-justification of the crinoline that saved a would-be suicide from drowning; the lyrics of the age are remembered with humour as well as affection and we chuckle at "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," rendered by a man, quite bald.

Ne sutor supra crepidam

THE OTHER DAY we received a letter, obviously from an elderly woman of the "leisured classes," containing the most meticulous instructions regarding some printing which she wanted done. Names and sizes of type-faces were enumerated and margins indicated down to the fraction of an inch. Much impressed (and incidentally a little disconcerted by her strange insistence on certain points) we hastened to reply, and when answering us she remarked that before placing her order she "had bought a book about printing and learnt all about typography."

WE WOULD HESITATE to claim omniscience on the subject of typography in spite of many years' experience in the printing trade, but we can and do help our customers to make their printing attractive to the people for whom it is intended. We design and print every type of work. Our prices are remarkably low and we have been told that our work is remarkably good. May we try to prove this to you by estimating on your next printing job?

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Week-end Competitions

No. 217

Set by Gerald Bullett

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for a brief "character" (not exceeding 300 words) in the manner of Earle's *Microcosmography*. The subject is to be a modern manufacturer of (or trader in) armaments, and a conspicuous feature of the essay is that its author shall introduce a word of his own choice or coinage as a handy equivalent for the cumbersome "armament manufacturer (or trader)." If some degree of odium chance to inhere in this neologism (as in such well-established usages as *pimp*, *bawd*, *white-slaver*, *nancy*, *thug*, *lickspittle*, and so on), it will be counted to the competitor for grace; but the first essential is aptness.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 18th.

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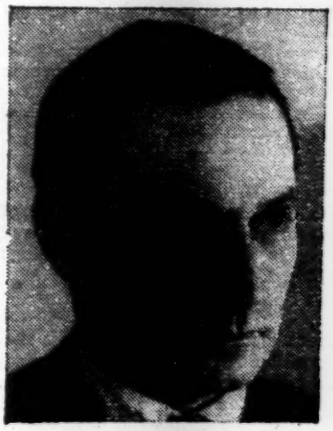

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FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

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FURNISHED bed-sitting-room with telephone by bed. Separate entrance. Private house. With service, e.l., hot baths, 25s. HODGKIN, 106 Ebury St.

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THIS WEEK'S TESTIMONIAL:

"..... Now for advertising—we intend to do some in the N.S. as usual and to omit all the others."
From a Client's letter to an Agent.

All communications should be addressed: Classified Advertisements Manager, NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES:

Single insertions	1/6 per line per insertion.
Three "	1/5 " " " "
Thirteen "	1/4 " " " "
Twenty-six "	1/3 " " " "
Fifty-two "	1/2 " " " "

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 215

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for not fewer than fourteen or more than forty lines of verse on "The Discoveries of Foreign Travel," the last line being:

"And Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-veer."

Report by Sylvia Lynd

This competition has produced such a number of good entries that I am tempted, after my preliminary thinning out, to award the prizes with my eyes shut. Probably the unsuccessful competitors will surmise, in any case, that this, precisely, is what I have done. But they will be wrong. A simple niggling mean method of catching out over trifling inaccuracies has enabled me to get rid of a large number of promising candidates. *Palermo*, who would otherwise have been given first prize, goes over his phonetic version of Civitavecchia and his assumption that Padua is the Italian for Padua. *Bow-wow*, who gives me a lot of information, with which I hope to impress some poor ignoramus some day, such as that the river Potomac is called Potómac in America and Chicago, Sheecago, comes down over his pronunciation of *Valladolid*. Mr. Guy Innes is too learned and clever for me, and I cannot do his eighth or nineteenth line. But here his contribution is, for those who can properly appreciate it.

Despite the zest with which each cruise commences,
I but recall the *panem et circenses*. . . .
West Indian botany still demonstrates
"Subaltern's Butter" is but fruit and stone;
They call Australians "allens" in the States;
"Baltimore Cake's" in Baltimore unknown;
"Egg-plant" is not an incubator; more,
"Pomelo" is juicy, "Bommaloe" is dry;
Haddock has bones; but Shaddock has no core;
Dry wine is wet, and Bombay Duck can't fly;
Your Bristol Milk yields neither cheese nor curd,
And Prairie Oysters never saw the sea;
Colonial Goose is mutton, not a bird;
Goobers are peanuts—neither goose nor pea.
"Bristol" in Italy doth oft connote
The best, if not the costliest, hotel;
In Spain, I sometimes feel inclined to quote
"The Moor the merrier" when I think, "Ah, well,
It's but a bit of Cid when Spanish Juice
Is hard and brittle; the Alhambra here
Is not a music-hall; and Christ's 'Hay-zooss,'
And Guadalquivir called 'Gwad-al-kee-veer.'"

I am forced, regretfully, to disqualify Mr. W. Summers's admirable sonnet, because of an English *Seville* which should, in the context, though not in the metre, have been Sevilla.

Much had they travelled on conducted tours,
And much had seen in lands beyond the sea;
In strident tone and penetrating key
They talked—the echo in my brain endures.
They touched on local legendry and myth,
Berrleen and baggage rates, on Can and Vien,
Moonchen and Nershatel where they had been,
Praha and Paree, Seville and Mathrith.
And so, where all those "little places" are
Where one may dine superbly for a song,
In Istanboul and Avre and Boulong,
The "Goulden Cok," the "Cafay Trafalgar,"
I heard, because I could not fail to hear,
And Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-veer.

A definite cleavage of opinion has always existed between those who like to pronounce foreign names as foreigners pronounce them, and those who like to pronounce them as they did at school. The gulf is so wide that I have heard one Englishman express detestation of another on the ground that (when lunching in Soho) he sounded the second "t" in Risotto. I myself agree with the sentiments expressed by Mr. Lester Ralph:

". . . At least we speak God's language, we alone;
The Lesser Breeds may babble on their own;
We do pronounce Trafalgar as we would. . . ."

But I dismiss him as I suspect him of irony.

I dismiss, too, though reluctantly, Mr. Goldsmith's ingenious ballade, because of its frivolity:

". . . The grim Mafia's lair in Mafeking,
Assisi (whence our word 'assassinate') . . ."

and Miss Hazel Jenner's amusing "Private Reminiscences of Miss Amy Greene," because it is more about the discoverer than about the discoveries of foreign travel, wrongly accentuates Cordova, and introduces a verb into the set line.

Here are its final verses:

I dislike romantic places with the oily food and faces,
Where the people never go to bed at night,
Where such goings-on are lawful and the tea and buns are awful,
And the sanitation really is not . . . quite . . .

Looking sternly through my glasses, I shall tell my loving classes
Just exactly what I think they ought to hear,
And, omitting half I've seen there, will correct them, for I've been there,
And have Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-veer.

I am left then with four competitors. Of these, Mr. Allan M. Laing makes an admirable list of foreign surprises, from

"The Maltese goat that's milked from door to door,"

to the unromantic young women of Constantinople; but his last lines seem to me an exaggeration, so I do not award him a prize.

But oddly standing out from all the rest
Two memories are double-starred and blest:
We heard the Escorial dubbed "extremely queer"
And Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-*veer*.

I divide the first prize between H. C. M. and E. J., and award the second prize to Mr. W. Leslie Nicholls, who has also neatly covered the ground; but whose sentiments I deplore.

DIVIDED FIRST PRIZE

My journeyings under many skies
Have clearly shewn the need there seems to be
For propaganda to revise
Pronunciation and topography.

I've travelled in our own dear land
From Wick to Bude, from Stornaway to Shoebury,
But never yet could understand
Why Cuthbert's Church should be pronounced Kirkcudbright.

Surely the League of Nations might
Name the locality wherein they stay;
Genève or Genf? Both can't be right;
Le Lac Léman? or else, Der Genfer See?

Despite the Entente Cordiale,
The French persist, by some odd jeu d'esprit,
In still continuing to call
Calais as Callay, Paris as Paree.

The Germans never seem to know
That that for which their Fatherland was known—
Before the War, at least—was "Eau,"
Not from Köln (spelled like that), but "de Cologne."

Italians, unregenerate,
Postpone the long anticipated morn
When they will deign to designate
Firenze, Florence; Livorno, Leghorn.

We can but hope the Spaniards may
Reform themselves. It really is too queer,
Don Quixote as Don Kee-ho-tay
And Guadalquivir called Gwad-al-kee-veer.

H. C. M.

THE DISCOVERIES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

I always used to talk about Don Jú-an
(Although of course his morals I deplored).
At least, Lord Byron rhymes the name with "new one,"
And Byron's not a man to be ignored;
But here in Spain the world is so askew, one
Will find all sorts of things gone by the board,
And Ju-an, I observe, becomes Don Wón,
With no explaining where the J has gone.

It's strange the League of Nations can't agree on
Pronouncing things the simple English way!
I've found they speak of Paris as Pareé on
The P L M, and just the other day
We stopped at Ly-ons and they called it Lé-on,
(Though what their motive was I couldn't say,
For Lyons is a good old English noun,
Common as A B C in London Town.)

On all my tours among these foreign nations
I'd always thought the French the most perverse;
Truly, for spellings and pronunciations
You'd think they lay beneath a tribal curse;
But since I've heard the Spaniard's aberrations
I'll swear *their* oddities are ten times worse,
With H for J, and S the merest wisp,
And Z become a sort of chronic lisp.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COMEDY. All's Over, Then ? Tues. & Th.

DRURY LANE. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

GLOBE. Biography. Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Th. & Sat.

NEW. Crime et Chatiment. Thurs., Sat.

PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Th. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Mon., Thurs.

PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Fri.

QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M. Tu. F.

THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
"THE GOLDEN TOY."
A Romantic Play by Carl Zückmayer.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE and OWEN NARES in
ALL'S OVER, THEN ?
By Lennox Robinson.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Monday, May 14th. Nightly at 8. Saturday at 5 & 8.15.
THE GUARDSMAN,
by Molnar.
with Alan Webb, Beryl Measor & CECIL TROUNCER.
Play produced by Harold Scott.
Next week: *THE LAKE,*
With an extra matinee at 2.30 on Whit Monday.

DRURY LANE. Evgs.. 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THREE SISTERS, A Musical Play.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, Stanley Holloway, Albert Burdon, Esmond Knight, Adele Dixon, VICTORIA HOPPER.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs., 8.30. Matinees Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
INA CLAIRE in
BIOGRAPHY.
Produced by NOEL COWARD.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evenings 8.30. Mats., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

NEW. Short Season Only. Tem. Bar 3878.
MONDAY next, 8.15. Mats., THURS. and SAT., 2.30.
THÉATRE MONTPARNASSE GASTON BATY
production of
CRIME ET CHATIMENT
(CRIME and PUNISHMENT).
IN 20 SCENES. The great Paris success in its entirety.
From DOSTOIEVSKY'S world-famous novel.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" A New Revue.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI,
by Anthony Armstrong.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

PICCADILLY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
BARRY JACKSON presents
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, by Elmer Rice.
"Finest London Can Boast."—*Daily Herald.*

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
Evenings at 8.40. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,
by H. M. Harwood.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Anatole France's Sociological Study of Paris Coster Life,
CRAINQUEBILLE (U)
with Tramel, and *HUNGARIA* (U).

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
VILLA RIDES ON FOR A SECOND WEEK!
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Seats Bookable. Hampstead 2285.

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MISCELLANEOUS

H. G. WELLS SOCIETY

Full particulars of the H. G. Wells Society may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to B. B. Mager, 5, Hazelwood Court, London, N.13.

GIRL, 29, wishes meet people (24–34) interested in or working at art, literature, music, social work; fond of walking, swimming, boating; possibly start circle. Box 492, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

IDEAL INDOOR NUDIST CENTRE FOR BOTH SEXES. Ultra efficient Jesionek Sun Lamp; Mensendieck Rhythmic Exercises; Games Rooms; Rest Room; Refreshments; H. & C. Showers; Swimming-pool contemplated. Qualified Physician and Instructress. Roomy, comfortable quarters, appealing to all unable to visit outdoor Sun-parks even in summer. GET FIT AND KEEP FIT.
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Believe me, I am learning here in Cadiz
  Pronunciations Byron never guessed,
And if I ever meet his soul in Hades
  I hope the noble lord will be impressed;
Though probably I'll find his Lordship's shade is
  Already rhyming Spanish with the best—
Séville transformed, three-syllabled, and queer,
And Guádalquivir called Gwad-ál-kee-*veer*.

E. J.

SECOND PRIZE

Each day a thousand English, more or less,
Endure the rigour of the narrow seas
To visit foreign lands. Well, *you* may guess
The nature of their quaint discoveries:
That Spring's too cold in Nice, too hot in Rome,
That Blackpool's brighter far than gay Paree,
That drains in France smell more than those at home,
That no-one warms the pot when making tea.

But just a few, my friend—(say you, and I)
Walk foreign ways with more discerning mien—
Eat kous-kous with the Arabs of Tangier,
Walk Rome at dawn when Tiber's rolling high,
And learn to love Vienna best as Wien,
And Guadalquivir called "Gwad-al-kee-veer."

W. LESLIE NICHOLLS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 72.—THE FIVE PEDAGOGUES

Dr. Mortarboard engages five masters for his school: Mr. Botany, Mr. Euclid, Mr. French, Mr. History and Mr. Syntax. Each is required to teach two of the subjects which correspond to their five names. No master, however, teaches the subject corresponding to his own name.

Mr. History plays cut-throat Bridge with the two Botany masters. Mr. Syntax is married to the sister of one Euclid master, while his own sister is married to the other. Mr. Botany knows no French and Mr. French has no interest in Syntax. Mr. Euclid spends his holidays with the two History masters. Mr. History and Mr. Syntax share in the teaching of one subject. French is not taught by the namesake of a subject taught by Mr. French. All lessons in French and Euclid take place at the same time.

What are the two subjects which each of the five pedagogues teaches?

PROBLEM 70.—JELLABY

The first letter is an ordinary transliteration cipher, easily read as follows:

"I send herewith a little 'pi-jaw' of old Jellaby's (do you remember how 'pi' he used to be?) It contains a hidden proverb. All that is needed is application, 'even unto the fifth place of decimals,' as Jellaby used to say."

Deciphering the enclosure (with the aid of the same alphabet) we get:

REAL MEN LIVE LUSTILY. NO MAN'S LOT IS A GOAD ALL THE TIME. A DOLT HAS EATEN MAGGOTS, IN ALL FAITH. AT TEN, A FAR DRUM BEATS.

To extract the "hidden proverb" from this nonsense, we must use the two clues "pi" and "fifth place of decimals." *Pi* to five places of decimals is 3.14159.

Taking the 3rd letter, then the first after it, then the 4th, and so on (*i.e.*, the letters dotted in the transcript above) we get:

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

PROBLEM 69.—THE JONES BOYS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Mrs. V. A. Warren, Edge Farm, Branscombe, Beer, Devon. There were 87 correct solutions. *Four* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

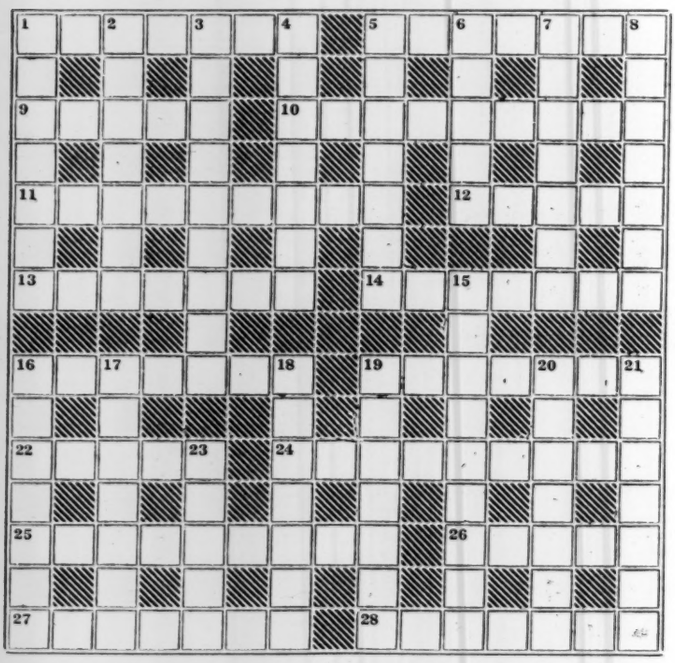
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 218

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mrs. Wm. Cash, Junior, 59 Catherine Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

ACROSS

1. Shriek'd as Kosciusko fell.
5. The sort of young thing with whom Erasmus's father had an adventure.
9. Terrify with a sound as of coffin covering.
10. Crooked fellows.
11. A graph after 2's heart.
12. One who arose from the feet of a god.
13. How Ophelia was found.
14. Fleet fighter.
16. Contains hymns Ancient but not Modern.
19. Name of a Grace.
22. This stuff is the result of mineral produced the wrong way.
24. Feathered caller for cats?
25. Professorial sinecure at a university?
26. Rimes in the grand Eastern manner.
27. They finally managed to do this, so to speak, to the Heathen Chinee.
28. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom ——."

DOWN

1. Fluttered.
2. Let him be about equal in Latin.
3. Painstaking coach.
4. Fairy seed.
5. This sort of skate will rattle.
6. Incinerated bone of contention for players?
7. Typically one of 10.
8. Trees make a sound place for incarcerating the master.
15. Jute was introduced into Thanet by him to his cost.
16. Metal of left wing priority.
17. Sculpturally famous start.
18. Palindromic little road becomes embarrassing.
19. Plover a bit weak in the head.
20. Give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.
21. Supplies palm oil as it were.
23. Often in a mix-up with Mysore.

NOTE.—Having stumped you all last week by fair means, I have this week to apologise for inadvertently trying to do it unfairly, by inserting an extra black square. Special honour is due to successful solvers; of the others I crave indulgence for an error, which, after all, proves my humanity. L.-S.

THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (Hol. 3217.)

SCHOLARSHIPS

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS are offered each year by the Board of Governors on the results of an examination in General Subjects of Music or Art; in addition, Bursaries are awarded in accordance with financial need. Examination papers will be sent to Parents during May. Candidates must be under 14 on September 28th, 1934.

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield. (Co-educational. *Scholarship examination*, Wed., May 30th, 6–10. Scholarships offered annually (value £20–£60 each per annum), including some for Arts and Music. Apply Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY.

BRYANSTON SCHOOL, Blandford, Dorset.
THREE SCHOLARSHIPS of £100, £80, and £60, and SIX BURSARIES of £70 are offered (tenable for four years). The examination and interview will be held at Bryanston on May 29th and 30th, 1934. Candidates must be under 14 on June 1st. The bursaries are offered to boys, of general ability and promise, who do not reach scholarship standard.
Bryanston is a modern public boarding school of 200 boys. Its aim is to combine all that is best in the old public school tradition with what experiment has shown to be sound in more modern educational systems.
The school fees are £168 p.a., including all essential extras. Particulars from the HEADMASTER.

KING'S SCHOOL, Bruton, Somerset. Three Scholarships and seven Exhibitions offered June 26th, 27th and 28th.—Apply HEADMASTER.

SCHOOLS

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, May 13th, at 11 a.m. S. K. RATCLIFFE: The Sense of Sin. 6.30 p.m., Last Concert of Season. Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Meeting will be held on Friday, 25th May, at 34 Red Lion Square (Nat. Sunday League Hall), Holborn, W.C., when
MR. HOLFORD KNIGHT, K.C., M.P.,
will speak on
"THE PRESENT POSITION OF DIVORCE REFORM"
supported by MRS. SEATON TIEDEMAN.
Mr. Gerald Gardiner will take the Chair at 8.0 p.m.
Information from SEC., Brit. Sexological Society, 4 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

DR. ROYDEN, Tony Greenwood, Monica Whately, T. Komisarjevsky, Maurice Browne, Rabbi Dr. Mattuck, Hannen Swaffer and F. M. West, M.P., will speak at CONWAY HALL, W.C.1., on behalf of INDIAN EARTHQUAKE RELIEF on Tuesday, 15th May, at 8 p.m. Admission free. Seats reserved 2s. 6d. and 1s. Please apply at once to 165 Strand, W.C.2. Temple Bar 3689.

THE British Section of the WORLD LEAGUE FOR SEXUAL REFORM will hold a MEETING at the LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE, Keppel St., London, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, MAY 16TH, 1934, at 8 p.m., when MR. A. N. C. SHELLEY, M.A., B.C.L., will speak on
"SOME SEXUAL HERESIES."
Chairman: MR. NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.

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Applicants must have had experience in every Department of a Public Library worked by the open-access system, including Children's Departments and Branch Libraries, and also be professionally registered as Fellows or Associates of the Library Association.
The salary will be £200 per annum, rising by four annual increments of £25 to £300.
The successful applicant will be required to reside within the Borough.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by copies of two testimonials, and endorsed "Librarian," to reach me not later than first post on Tuesday, 22nd May, 1934.
Municipal Buildings, Blyth.
J. LEIGH TURNER, Town Clerk.

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By TOREADOR

THE MARKET TREND—SUGAR MARKETING RAMP AND TATE AND LYLE —DUNLOP AND UNILEVER: LIGHT AND DARKNESS— ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

THERE is nothing like a rubber boom to bring commissions to Stock Exchange brokers. Nevertheless, wise broker heads are shaking over this feverish activity in rubber shares. And even the industrial share markets begin to show signs of working themselves up for a reaction. I do not mean that because the chart of British equity share values shows an unbroken rise from June, 1932, the market has become dangerous and top-heavy. The technical position was temporarily weakened by the recent restriction of contango facilities—the result of an Inland Revenue warning to jobbers regarding the use or abuse of the 10*s.* stamp—but the annual reports of leading industrial companies which are now being published, covering for the first time a full twelve months of recovery, are good enough to hold speculative attention for a time. Nevertheless, the railway traffic returns begin to show a halt in the upward trend—if comparison is made with 1929—and the investor may soon be remembering that American policies continue to have a deflationary effect upon the European gold bloc, that Germany's purchasing power is dwindling, and that the British Government refuses to realise the importance of a bold public works policy to offset the decline in international trade and the lack of capital issues at home. The economists have not yet told us how much of the recovery in the capital industries is due to warship building and armaments, and how much is due to housing and cheap money. What the investor would like to know, assuming that he has no morals, is whether the Government will guarantee the continuance of the recovery by building more warships, or by building more houses or by a mixture of war and peace plans.

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Speaking of investment morals, consider this problem. The sugar marketing scheme is described in the *News Chronicle* as a ramp. Twenty-two sugar refining companies, most of them "rich and prosperous," are to be given a monopoly of sugar manufacture in this country. A clause of the scheme definitely limits the refining of sugar to companies which were in the business before December 31st, 1932. The consideration for the grant of this monopoly is an undertaking to pay a high price for raw sugar refined from British sugar beet—which will enable the Government to stop paying the beet-sugar subsidy. The new sugar ring also undertakes that the price of refined sugar shall not exceed the price of imported raw sugar by more than 73*s.* (the present margin) unless "circumstances outside the control of the industry alter." This safeguard is useless, for the sugar ring will regard an increase in tariffs as "circumstances outside their control." In any case, the consumer will pay. To cap this sinister combination, it appears that eleven out of the twenty-four members of the Sugar Marketing Board are connected with Tate and Lyle, the company which dominates the sugar-refining trade in this country. In the pre-ring days Tate and Lyle used to spend large sums of money in undercutting home-grown beet sugar refined by rival firms. In the monopoly days ahead this money will be saved, and Tate and Lyle profits will rise by at least—it is thought—35 per cent. The market is talking of an immediate increase in the annual dividend from 17 per cent. to 20 per cent. Now, should an investor ignore his social conscience and buy Tate and Lyle shares at 92*s.*, or should he do his best to expose the ramp? At any rate, my conscience is clear, for I recommended these shares *to hold* when they were 58*s.* 6*d.*

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The contrast between the New York and London Stock Markets is striking. New York has been breaking the March low levels, which are of great significance to chart-readers. Is the trend definitely reversed? This week, one hundred and fifteen equity stocks touched new low points for the year. Utility shares have been particularly weak not only as a result of the 6 per cent. earnings rate ordered by the Public Service Commission but in anticipation of the unpleasant things which may follow on the Insull trial. The Stock Exchange Control Bill has gone to the Senate with a good row of front teeth. The margin requirements are to be raised from an average of 25 per cent. to 45 per cent., and many firms of brokers are threatening to go out of business. This should worry no one. To what extent the slump in Wall Street has been staged in order to influence the Senate it is impossible to say, but as most Senators will have recently suffered severe stock market losses some modification of the Stock Exchange Control Bill is expected—together with an amendment of the Securities Act.

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If our legislators really desired to make public companies disclose the truth in their accounts it would only be necessary to amend the Companies Act with this clause: "And all holding companies shall be required to follow the accounting example of the Dunlop Rubber Company." It is wonderful to see how a trade recovery makes directors keen to be informative. For the first time the Dunlop Rubber Company publishes a consolidated balance sheet disclosing the assets and liabilities of itself, its subsidiaries and its sub-subsidiaries. As the Dunlop Rubber group comprises over ninety companies, it proves that with accountants all things are possible. No longer can the giants of the holding company world pretend that consolidated balance sheets and trading accounts are impracticable. Let the directors of Unilever, Imperial Chemical Industries, Shell Transport, Imperial Tobacco, Courtaulds, Electric and Musical Industries, and Vickers take notice that obscurantism in company accounts to-day does not pay and that if they will not voluntarily disclose the full information required by intelligent shareholders, they will some day—under a more enlightened Government—be compelled to hand over their books for public inspection. A Companies Act, which allows a holding company to keep the public in perpetual ignorance of its affairs by just turning its subsidiaries into private companies and then publishing meaningless accounts which do not disclose its subsidiaries' position, cries out for amendment.

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The decline in trading profits last year was traced by the Unilever chairman at the annual general meeting to four main causes: Government regulations (particularly in Germany, where Government decrees reduced the margarine output by 40 per cent. or 50 per cent. and imposed an excise tax in addition), exchange fluctuations, the fall in the prices of raw materials and the competition of cheap butter. The consumption of margarine in Europe fell from 7.5 lb. per head of population in 1932 to 7.0 lb. in 1933, while the consumption of butter rose from 11.9 lb. to 12.1 lb. per head in the same year. Further, the cattle cake trade suffered from the competition of cheap cereals—a serious matter for Unilever, which accounts for 48 per cent. of the European production of cattle cake. But while these complaints explain why the Unilever parent companies fared badly in 1933, they do not explain why the sins of the parents should have been visited on the grocery store children in which the British investor is chiefly interested. The grocery store is supposed to make a turn on the sale of cheap butter as well as on that of cheap margarine. But the mystery of the Unilever subsidiaries will remain unsolved as long as the directors are allowed to publish non-consolidated accounts.

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Some investors who would not care to back Lord Rothermere's policies, will not object to backing his capacity to make profits—at any rate for a short period. Newspaper shares have been out of favour in the "recovery" market, for everyone remembers how the earnings of the "penny daily" were adversely affected by the newspaper "war." In September last the *Daily Mail* virtually withdrew from the "war" by cutting its expenditure on canvassing. Its circulation thereafter dropped to some extent, but its net profits increased considerably: further, it was officially announced that the advertising revenue of the *Daily Mail* for the week ending April 15th was the highest for four years. The accounts of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., for the year ending March 31st will be published in June. An appreciable increase in net profits is expected—last year earnings available for the Deferred shares were 29.7 per cent.—and future quarterly dividends for 1934–35 will probably be raised to an annual rate of at least 25 per cent. On this basis a yield of 5 per cent. would be obtainable on the 5*s.* deferred shares at 25*s.* Newspaper shares are necessarily more speculative than the average British "industrial," but on a comparison of current earnings yields, the deferred shares of Associated Newspapers would appear reasonably valued. If anyone should buy the shares on a reading of this paragraph, let him take a quick profit when he sees one, for I am told that a pool has an option on 485,000 shares at 24*s.* 6*d.*

COMPANY MEETING

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

MR. LIONEL N. DE ROTHSCHILD'S ADDRESS

The Annual General Court of the Alliance Assurance Company was held on Wednesday last at the Head Office, London, E.C.

Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, O.B.E. (Chairman), said (in part):—It is my pleasant duty to welcome you to the new building, which I hope you will all approve and will agree to be worthy of this Company.

The net new Life business completed during the year under review amounted to £3,222,985. This figure is less than the record total transacted in 1932, but having regard to the conditions which prevailed throughout the year, it may be regarded as satisfactory.

The amount received for annuity consideration was again very large, being £205,791, as compared with an average amount of something like £60,000 per annum prior to the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan. Our rates for annuity business have, of course, been substantially increased, but none the less the prevailing low rates of interest induce many people to endeavour to obtain an increase in their income by the purchase of annuities.

Special interest attaches on this occasion to the results of the actuarial valuation made at the end of the twenty-second quinquennium in the Company's history. The new mortality tables referred to last year were not available in time, and the basis adopted for the valuation of the life assurance business was the same as that adopted five years ago. For the annuity business new tables were brought into use, and the result is that the valuation basis for the annuity business has been materially strengthened. The available surplus disclosed by the valuation was very large, namely, £2,639,146. Before deciding how much of this surplus might properly be allocated to the participating policy-holders on the present occasion, the Directors gave the most serious consideration to the position. In view of the great fall which has occurred in the rate of interest that can be obtained on high-class securities since the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan, it is clear that profits on life assurance business in the future must be materially less than in recent years. Even though the mortality in the future should be more favourable, it is not unlikely that the margin in the rates of premium for non-profit business may prove less than was anticipated. On this account it is prudent to take the necessary steps to strengthen the reserves, and we have decided, therefore, to carry forward a much larger amount than that brought in at the beginning of the quinquennium, namely, £823,337, as compared with £380,960 brought in. In the result the Directors have declared on the policies in the current series a compound reversionary bonus at the rate of 38s. per cent. per annum, as compared with the rate of 42s. per cent. per annum declared five years ago. The members' proportion of the surplus divided is £198,872, and it will be seen that one-fifth of this amount, namely, £39,774, has been carried to Profit and Loss for the year.

In the Fire Account we have to report a result which I am sure you will regard as eminently satisfactory. The profit on the account is even larger than that for 1932. The premium income shows a small decline. This is due not to loss of business but to reduction in rates and the depreciation in the foreign exchanges. You will observe that the additional reserve in the Fire Account has been increased by £100,000 and the amount transferred to Profit and Loss is to that extent reduced.

In the Marine Account we have again to report a material shrinkage of premium income. This is not a matter for any surprise. One has only to look at the reports of the shipping companies to see why this shrinkage has occurred.

With regard to the Accident Department, there is a very small reduction in the premium income to record, but generally speaking the business was maintained satisfactorily, and it is an encouraging sign of the improvement in the trade and industry of the country that the Workmen's Compensation premium income regained some of the ground lost in the previous year. There was also a gain in the Burglary and Miscellaneous business, but in the Motor section the premiums were less, largely because of the increased "No Claim" Bonus which was introduced last year.

I feel confident that you will regard the results of the year's operations in the Accident Department as satisfactory. The total premiums were £1,159,328 and the transfer to Profit and Loss was £184,896. The Trustee Department continues to make progress.

Turning now to Profit and Loss Account, you will see that we have transferred £100,000 to Reserve and £50,000 to Staff Pension Fund. In addition, we have increased the reserve in the Fire Account by £100,000, and our carry forward is very little less than the amount brought in, namely, £1,231,198, as compared with £1,240,019. Practically speaking, therefore, we have been able, as the result of the trading operations of the year, to maintain our dividend, to provide for all outgoings of every kind, and to increase our reserves by something like a quarter of a million. I feel sure that having regard to the difficult conditions which prevailed during 1933 you will agree that these results must be considered quite satisfactory. The report was unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

THE EAGLE STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

SATISFACTORY RESULTS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

LARGELY INCREASED PROFITS

Presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on Tuesday last, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said they had made a profit in every department, had written off some substantial items of a non-recurring nature, and also the heavy depreciation on their American securities caused by the depreciation in the Dollar. In spite of that they had considerably increased the carry forward in the Profit and Loss Account.

Life Department

The Life Department continued to expand and new policies numbering 2,494 were issued for sums assured of £2,370,701 gross. Over 99 per cent. of this business was done in the United Kingdom. Their current Life Assurance and Annuity Funds now stood at £5,472,461, showing an advance of £495,000 on the year. The average rate of interest earned on these Funds was £5 5s. 5d. per cent. gross, and £4 6s. 0d. per cent. net, while the Fund now shows a large appreciation on Investments. The Directors had decided to increase the rate of interim Bonus in the current Life Fund for the second half of the quinquennium. The total Assets of the Life Department (including both the Current and Closed Life Funds) exceeded £15,900,000.

Fire Department

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £810,289, an increase of £14,284 upon that of the previous year. The loss ratio, after providing for all outstandiug claims, was 44.31 per cent. to premiums written, and 45.01 to premiums earned. There was a net profit of £36,846 or 4.55 per cent., as compared with £20,880 last year, while the Fire Department Reserve Fund amounted to £424,115, or 52.34 per cent. of the Premium Income.

Accident and General Departments

In the Accident Department, after providing for claims paid and outstanding and setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks in connection with the ordinary premium income, a profit of £9,913 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

Their General Insurance Department showed eminently satisfactory results. The total premium income amounted to £378,058, while claims paid and outstanding totalled £117,412. After setting aside the reserve of 40 per cent. in respect of unexpired risks, a profit of £83,772 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

Motor Department

The premium income in the Motor Department amounted to £1,032,746, an increase of £38,301 on the previous year. After providing the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks, a profit of £33,322 has been transferred to Profit and Loss Account.

Marine Department

In the Marine Department they were able to transfer to Profit and Loss £25,000, and the Marine Fund at the end of the year amounted to £403,573, equal to 149.60 per cent. of the premium, as compared with 144.22 per cent. last year.

Profit and Loss Account

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account, he said the amount credited from the various operating Departments was £324,349. Adding interest of £154,582 and a credit of £50,000 released from Exchange Fluctuation Account, together with the amount carried forward from last year, there was a total of £599,713. After providing for £61,002 Bonus issued to the Preference Shareholders, for the Expenses of Management not charged to other Accounts, Colonial and Foreign Taxation, Reserve for British Taxation, and writing off £29,511, the expenses of the New Issue of Preference Capital, £90,000 was transferred to Investment Fluctuation Account and £60,240 was written off the Cost of Life Businesses Acquired, leaving to be carried forward £147,810 as compared with £131,782 brought in.

Shareholders would be glad to know that the new year had every prospect of being a good one, as it had opened well in every Department, and so they could look forward with confidence to the future. The Directors had pursued a cautious policy for the past 10 years in regard to Dividends, and if business continued normally an increase in Dividend would, in the opinion of the Board, be justified.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted, the retiring Directors having been re-elected and the Auditors re-appointed, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors, Officials and the Staff.